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Selections from the
Canadian poets

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SELECTIONS FROM THE CANADIAN POETS

CHOSEN AND EDITED

BY

E. A. HARDY, B.A.

Not by the power of Commerce, Art, or Pen,
Shall our great Empire stand, nor has it stood,
But by the noble deeds of noble men—
Heroic lives and heroes' outpoured blood.

—*Frederick George Scott.*



TORONTO: THE MACMILLAN COMPANY
OF CANADA, LTD., AT ST. MARTIN'S HOUSE
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THE CANADIAN POETS

HESPERUS

A LEGEND OF THE STARS

From *Hesperus and Other Poems and Lyrics*, 1860

PRELUDE

The Stars are heaven's ministers ;

Right royally they teach
God's glory and omnipotence,
In wondrous lowly speech.

All eloquent with music as

5
The tremblings of a lyre ;
To him that hath an ear to hear
They speak in words of fire.

Not to learned sagas only

10
Their whisperings come down ;
The monarch is not glorified
Because he wears a crown.

The humblest soldier in the camp

Can win the smile of Mars,
And 'tis the lowliest spirits hold
15
Communion with the stars.

Thoughts too refined for utterance,
 Ethereal as the air,
 Crowd through the brain's dim labyrinths,
 And leave their impress there ; 20
 As far along the gleaming void
 Man's tender glances roll,
 Wonder usurps the throne of speech,
 But vivifies the soul.

Oh, heaven-cradled mysteries, 25
 What sacred paths ye've trod—
 Bright, jewelled scintillations from
 The chariot-wheels of God !
 When in the spirit He rode forth,
 With vast creative aim, 30
 These were His footprints left behind,
 To magnify His name !

CHARLES SANGSTER.

SONG FOR CANADA

From *Hesperus and Other Poems and Lyrics*, 1860

Sons of the race whose sires
 Aroused the martial flame
 That filled with smiles
 The triune Isles,
 Through all their heights of fame ! 5
 With hearts as brave as theirs,
 With hopes as strong and high,
 We'll ne'er disgrace
 The honoured race

Whose deeds can never die. 10

Let but the rash intruder dare
To touch our darling strand,
The martial fires
That thrilled our sires
Would flame throughout the land. 15

Our lakes are deep and wide,
Our fields and forests broad ;

With cheerful air
We'll speed the share,
And break the fruitful sod ; 20
Till blest with rural peace,
Proud of our rustic toil,
On hill and plain
True kings we'll reign,
The victors of the soil. 25

But let the rash intruder dare
To touch our darling strand,
The martial fires
That thrilled our sires
Would light him from the land. 30

Health smiles with rosy face
Amid our sunny dales,

And torrents strong
Fling hymn and song
Through all the mossy vales ; 35
Our sons are living men,
Our daughters fond and fair ;
A thousand isles

Where Plenty smiles,
Make glad the brow of Care. 40

But let the rash intruder dare
 To touch our darling strand,
 The martial fires
 That thrilled our sires
 Would flame throughout the land. 45

And if in future yea s
 One wretch should turn and fly,
 Let weeping Fame
 Blot out his name
 From Freedom's hallowed sky ; 50
 Or should our sons e'er prove
 A coward, traitor race,—
 Just heaven ! frown
 In thunder down,
 T'avenge the foul disgrace ! 55
 But let the rash intruder dare
 To touch our darling strand,
 The martial fires
 That thrilled our sires
 Would light him from the land. 60

CHARLES SANGSTER.

THE RED MEN

SONNET

From *Hesperus and Other Poems and Lyrics*, 1860

My footsteps press where, centuries ago,
 The Red Men fought and conquered ; lost and won.
 Whole tribes and races, gone like last year's snow,
 Have found the Eternal Hunting-Grounds, and run

The fiery gauntlet of their active days, 5
 Till few are left to tell the mournful tale :
 And these inspire us with such wild amaze
 They seem like spectres passing down a vale
 Steeped in uncertain moonlight, on their way
 Towards some bourne where darkness blinds the day, 10
 And night is wrapped in mystery profound.
 We cannot lift the mantle of the past :
 We seem to wander over hallowed ground :
 We scan the trail of Thought, but all is overcast.

CHARLES SANGSTER.

THE LITTLE SHOES

From *Dewart's Selections*, 1864

Her little shoes ! we sit and muse
 Upon the dainty feet that wore them ; 5
 By day and night our souls' delight
 Is just to dream and ponder o'er them.
 We hear them patter on the floor ;
 In either hand a toy or rattle ;
 And what speaks to our hearts the more—
 Her first sweet words of infant prattle.

I see the face so fair, and trace
 The dark-blue eye that flashed so clearly ; 10
 The rose-bud lips, the finger-tips
 She learned to kiss—O, far too dearly
 The pearly hands turned up to mine,
 The tiny arms my neck caressing ;
 Her smile, that made our life divine, 15
 Her silvery laugh—her kiss, a blessing.

Her winning ways, that made the days
 Elysian in their grace so tender,
 Through which Love's child our souls beguiled
 For seeming ages starred with splendour : 20
 No wonder that the angel-heirs
 Did win our darling life's-joy from us,
 For she was theirs—not all our prayers
 Could keep her from the Land of Promise.

CHARLES SANGSTER.

THE GENIUS OF CANADA

From *Lyrics*, 1858

When the Genius of Canada came
 From o'er the eastern wave,
 'Neath southern skies
 She heard the cries
 Of every weeping slave.

5

‘I'll seek the northern woods,’ she cried,
 ‘Tho' bleak the skies may be;
 The maple dells,
 Where freedom dwells,
 Have special charms for me;

10

‘For moral worth and manhood there
 Have found a fav'ring clime.
 I'll rear a race
 For long to grace
 The mighty page of Time.

15

“The arts shall flourish 'neath their care,
 The palm of Peace shall wave
 O'er homes of rest
 For the opprest,
 And a refuge for the slave.”

20

Away to northern woods she flew,
 A lovely home she found,
 Where still she dwells
 In quiet dells,
 Her giant brood around.

25

“Behold ! ” she cries, “the hearts we mold
 In land of lakes and pines,
 Where Shamrock blows,
 And English Rose,
 With Scottish Thistle twines.”

30

ALEXANDER McLACHLAN.

OLD HANNAH

From *Lyrics*, 1858

'Tis Sabbath morn, and a holy balm
 Drops down on the heart like dew,
 And the sunbeams gleam like a blessed dream,
 Afar on the mountains blue.
 Old Hannah's by her cottage door
 In her faded widow's cap ;
 She is sitting alone on the old grey stone,
 With the Bible in her lap.

5

An oak is hanging above her head,
 And the burn is wimpling by ;
 The primroses peep from their sylvan keep,
 And the lark is in the sky.
 Beneath that shade her children played,
 But they're all away with Death,
 And she sits alone on the old grey stone
 To hear what the Spirit saith.

Her years are past three score and ten,
 And her eyes are waxing dim,
 But the page is bright with a living light,
 And her heart leaps up to Him
 Who pours the mystic Harmony
 Which the soul alone can hear !
 She is not alone on the old grey stone,
 Tho' no earthly friend is near.

There's no one left to love her now ;
 But the Eye that never sleeps
 Looks on her in love from the heavens above,
 And with quiet joy she weeps.
 For she feels the balm of bliss is poured
 In her lone heart's sorest spot :
 The widow lone on the old grey stone
 Has a peace the world knows not.

ALEXANDER McLACHLAN.

MY LOVE IS LIKE THE LILY FLOWER

My love is like the lily flower
 That blooms upon the lea :
 I wadna gie ae blink o' her
 For a' the maids I see.

CURLING SONG

17

Her voice is like the bonnie bird's, 5

That warbles 'mang the bow'rs,
Her breath is like the hawthorn when
It's wat wi' morning show'rs.

And frae the gowans o' the glen 10

She's caught her modest grace,
And a' the blushes o' the rose,
Hae leapt into her face.

She bears aboot, I kenna hoo,

The joy o' simmer days,
The voice o' streams, and happy dreams 15
Amang the broomy braes.

And when the bonnie lassie smiles

Sae sweetly upon me,
Nae human tongue can ever tell
The heav'n that's in her e'e. 20

And a' the lie-lang simmer day

I'm in a dream divine,
And aye I wauken but to wish,
Oh, were the lassie mine !

ALEXANDER McLACHLAN.

CURLING SONG

From *Collected Poems*, 1900

When winter comes to bridge the flood,

And, wi' his icy nieve,
Tak's kings and cobblers by the beard
And never asks their leave ;

Yet while sae bauld, wi' grip sae cauld, 5
 He fills their hearts wi' gloom,
 He brings a joy without alloy
 To Brothers o' the Broom.

CHORUS

While daidlin' bodies stay at hame,
 On ills o' life to think, 10
 Be ours to join the merry game
 Upon the roaring rink.

Then loud or lowne may winter blaw !
 For in the jovial strife
 It's sic a pleasure but to draw 15
 The very breath o' life :
 When, like a flood, the bounding blood
 Through ev'ry vein doth pour ;
 And keen and tense is ev'ry sense
 Amid the wild uproar. 20

For in this strife the wave o' life
 Mounts to its heichest score,
 And vim and nerve that never swerve
 A' mankind maun adore.
 And there and then a' meet as men, 25
 To prove that each is worth,
 And this the test that sets at rest
 The cant o' blood and birth.

For on the rink distinctions sink,
 An' caste aside is laid ; 30
 Whate'er ye be, the stane and tee
 Will test what stuff ye're made.

And this the school to teach the fool
 That only nerve and mind,
 Acquiréd skill, and stubborn will,
 Are leaders o' mankind.

35

Not in the arm resides the charm—
 Your very weight o' brain,
 You ev'ry bit o' native grit,
 Maun a' gang wi' the stane :
 Wha crowns the tee shall bear the gree,
 As in life's roaring game.

40

And while contending for the prize,
 Tho' roused as by the fife,
 Somehow we learn to humanise
 The battles o' oor life.
 Sae time that's passed upon the rink,
 In this delightful stife,
 I often think the happy blink,
 Worth a' the rest o' life.

45

50

ALEXANDER McLACHLAN.

WINTER NIGHT

From *Jephthah's Daughter*, 1865.

The stars are glittering in the frosty sky,
 Frequent as pebbles on a broad sea-coast;
 While o'er the vault the cloud-like galaxy
 Has marshalled its innumerable host.
 Alive all heaven seems ! with wondrous glow
 Tenfold resplendent every star appears,
 As if some wide, celestial gale did blow,
 And thrice illume the ever-kindled spheres.

5

Orbs, with glad orbs rejoicing, burning, beam,
 Ray-crowned, with lambent lustre in their zones, 10
 Till o'er the blue, bespangled spaces seem
 Angels and great archangels on their thrones;
 A host divine, whose eyes are sparkling gems,
 And forms more bright than diamond diadems.

CHARLES HEAVYSEGE.

ODE TO CANADA

From *Songs of Life*, 1869

God bless our noble Canada !
 Our broad and free Dominion !
 Where law and liberty have sway,—
 Not one of all her sons to-day
 Is tyrant's serf or minion. 5

Give joy a tongue, let peaceful mirth
 Dispel all faithless fears—
 We hail a youthful nation's birth,
 Who, in the wondering eyes of Earth,
 Takes rank among her peers. 10

Fling out our banner to the breeze,
 And proudly greet the world
 With words of amity and peace;
 For never on more halcyon seas
 Was Freedom's flag unfurled. 15

Thrice hail ! our own beloved land !
 By God to freemen given:

ODE TO CANADA

21

We seek no distant golden strand,—
No other home shall we demand,
Till home we find in heaven.

20

We boast no charms of high degree
In wealth, in rank, or blood.
No tales of knightly chivalry—
Long lines of lordly ancestry—
Nor haunted stream or wood.

25

No proud historic names have we,
Whose memory thrills the heart—
No scenes embalmed by Poesie—
No hoary castles grand to see—
The pride of ancient art.

30

But though the past has records few
Of battle, song, or story,
The Future rises fair to view,
Gleaming with morning's youthful dew,
And bright with coming glory.

35

O fair and fertile Canada !
Where thought and speech are free,
Where'er my roaming feet may stray—
Whatever fate may come—I pray
That God may shelter thee.

40

Thy forests grand to wander through,
Still as in youth I love—
Thy trees, thy flowers of varied hue—
I love thy glorious lakes, as blue
And vast as heaven above.

45

I love thy green and towering hills—
 Thy valleys rich and fair,
 Where wealth in pearly dew distils—
 Thy cool meandering forest rills,
 Hid from the summer glare.

50

I love thy rivers broad and free—
 Thy cataracts sublime,
 Where God unveils his majesty—
 Whose hymns make grandest melody,
 That strikes the ear of Time.

55

I love thy bright and balmy Spring—
 Thy leafy Summer bowers,
 Where gay thy woodland songsters sing,
 And every zephyr's airy wing
 Is redolent of flowers.

60

I love when Autumn's brilliant dyes
 Thy forest foliage stain,
 And Nature yields her rich supplies—
 I love when Winter's ermine lies
 On river, wood and plain.

65

I love thy homes whose light retains
 Brave sons and daughters fair,
 Where liberty with truth remains,
 And every loyal heart disdains
 A servile yoke to wear.

70

And all that England boasts we claim
 By right which none denies—

Her valour and undying fame—
Each noble deed and kingly name,
That o'er oblivion rise.

75

The rich inheritance of thought,
Which golden fruitage bears—
Achievements hero-hearts have wrought—
Freedom by bloody battles bought—
Are ours as well as theirs.

80

Our fathers fought on gory plains
To vanquish Albion's foes;
And, though between us ocean reigns,
We are no aliens—in our veins
The blood of Britain flows.

85

Land of the river, lake, and wood—
Of loving hearts and true—
Fair child of Parent great and good—
While joined in loyal brotherhood,
No foe can us subdue.

90

If ever foeman's hostile tread
Should stain Canadian strand,
Our enemies shall learn with dread,
How freely will our blood be shed
To guard our native land.

95

EDWARD HARTLEY DEWART.

ON THE RIVER

From *Songs of Life*, 1869

The sun has gone down in liquid gold,
On the Ottawa's gleaming breast;

And the silent Night has softly rolled
The clouds from her starry vest.

Not a sound is heard—

5

Every warbling bird

Has silenced its tuneful lay,

As with calm delight,

In the morn's weird light,

I noiselessly float away.

10

As down the river I dreamily glide—

The sparkling and moonlit river—

Not a ripple disturbs the glassy tide,

Not a leaf is heard to quiver;

The lamps of night

15

Shed their trembling light,

With a tranquil and silvery glory,

Over river and dell,

Where the Zephyrs tell

To the Night their plaintive story.

20

I gently time my gleaming oar

To music of joy-laden strains,

Which the silent woods, and listening shore

Re-echo in soft refrains.

Let saintly thought,

25

From this tranquil spot,

Float up through the slumbering air;

For who would profane

With fancies vain,

A scene so ineffably fair ?

30

Now dark-browed, sorrowful Care retires,

And leaves the bright moments unclouded—

For why should I shade them with vain desires,
For hopes which the darkness has shrouded ?

Like phantoms grim,

35

From the river's brim,

The trees stretch their shadows before me,—

But no shadow jars,

For the blessed stars

Are tenderly beaming o'er me.

40

On the dark and rapid river of life,

Fall shadows of grief and sin,

But we reck not the gloom of the outer strife,

If no shadows obscure within;

Though darkness may lower,

45

It is reft of power

Over hearts that are tempered with love;—

There is fadeless light

For life's darkest night,

With the bountiful Father above.

50

EDWARD HARTLEY DEWART.

SNOW-FLAKES

From *Songs of Life*, 1869

Softly the fragile ermine snow-flakes fall:

From the dim cloud-land of their airy birth,

They come to shroud the naked, shivering earth,

Like Heaven's vast love, which crowns and covers all.

They whirl and dance through all the frosty air—

5

On lakes and rivers fall and melt unseen;

Each branching spray receives an ample share,

Till woods are fairer than in summer green.

They crown the trees with graceful plumes of light,
 Deck hills and vales in robes of peerless beauty, 10
 Smooth every rugged spot, as if their duty
 Was to remove deformity from sight,
 And spread an emblem o'er this dark terrene
 Of stainless purity and peace serene.

EDWARD HARTLEY DEWART.

WEAVING

From *Voices from the Hearth*, 1863

A maiden was weaving at noonday,
 A maiden with gold-rippling hair,
 Whose heart was as warm as the sunrays
 That oftly encircled her there;
 And her eyes were like starlights in shadow, 5
 And her thoughts were like sweet summer air.

I knew by the light of her smiling,
 She was weaving a tissue of dreams,
 A web of a million of fancies,
 Illuming her life with their gleams; 10
 That she saw the far future before her
 O'ertinted with halcyon beams.

I did not disturb her with questions,
 Nor mar those sweet thoughts with my own,
 For the sunlight that played with her fancies
 From heavenly pathways had flown, 15
 And she wound them in hues of the rainbow
 As she sat in the noonday alone.

And soon when the shadows had fallen,
An old man with grey-silvered hair 20

Was weaving a tissue of visions

In the gloaming that fell on him there;

And his thoughts were like hues of the evening,
In the chamber so ghostly and bare.

I knew by the lines on his temples, 25

And by the wan smiles on his face,

That from the dead past he was calling

A host of regrets from their place :

And so he kept weaving his sorrows,

In a dream that was mournful to trace. 30

And thus we are weaving forever

Our hopes, our regrets, and our fears,

And time soon dispels every vision,

Or we summon them back with our tears;

And still we are none of us wiser, 35

As we glide thro' life's current of years !

ISIDORE G. ASCHER.

A CANADIAN SUMMER'S NIGHT

From *Dewart's Selections*, 1864

I

The purple shadows dreamingly
Upon dreaming waters lie,
And darken with the darkening sky.

Calmly across the lake we float,
I and thou, my little boat—
The lake, with its grey mist-capote.

5

We lost the moon an hour ago :
We saw it dip, and downward go,
Whilst all the west was still a-glow.

But in those blue depths, moon-forsaken,
A planet pale its place hath taken;
And one by one the stars awaken.

10

II

With noiseless paddle-dip we glide
Along the bay's dark-fringed side,
Then out, amidst the waters wide !

15

With us there floated here last night
Wild threatening waves with foam-caps white,
But these have now spent all their might.

We knew they would not injure us,
Those tossing waves, so boisterous—
And where is now their fret and fuss ?

20

Only a ripple wrinkleth now
The summer lake—and plashes low
Against the boat, in fitful flow.

III

Still callest thou, thou Whip-poor-Will !
When dropped the moon behind the hill
I heard thee, and I hear thee still.

25

But mingled with thy plaintive cry
A wilder sound comes ebbing by,
Out of the pine woods, solemnly.

30

It dies—and then from tree to tree
Deep breathings pass, and seem to be
The murmurs of a mighty sea.

But hark ! The owl's cry comes anew—
Piercing the dark pine-forest through.
With its long too-hoo, too-hoo !

35

IV

Swifter and swifter, on we go;
For though the breeze but feigns to blow,
Its kisses greet us, soft and low.

But with us now, and side by side,
Striving awhile for place of pride,
A silent, dusky form doth glide.

40

Though swift and light the birch-canoe,
It cannot take the palm from you,
My little boat, so trim and true.

45

“Indian ! where away to-night ?”
“Homewards I wend : yon beacon light
Shines out for me—good night !” “Good night !”

V

Shorewards again we glide—and go
Where the sumach shadows flow
Across the purple calm below.

50

There, hidden voices all night long
 Keep up, the sedgy creeks among,
 The murmurs of their summer song—

A song most soft and musical—
 Like the dulled voice of distant fall,
 Or winds that through the pine-tops call.

And where the dusky swamp lies dreaming,
 Shines the fire-flies' fitful gleaming—
 Through the cedars—dancing, streaming ! 60

VI

Who hides in yonder dusky tree,
 Where but the bats awake should be,
 And with his whistling mocketh me ?

Such quaint, quick pipings—two-and-two ·
 Half a whistle, half a coo :
 Ah, Master Tree-Frog, gare-à-vous ! 65

The owls on noiseless wing gloom by,
 Beware, lest one a glimpse espy
 Of your grey coat and jewelled eye—

And so, good night !—We glide anew
 Where shows the lake its softest blue,
 With mirrored star-points sparkling through. 70

VII

The lights upon the distant shore
 That shone so redly, shine no more :
 The Indian-fisher's toil is o'er. 75

And deepening in the eastern skies,
Where up and up new stars arise,
A pearly lustre softly lies.

Thy witchery waneth. Fare-thee-well,
O Summer Night ! Thy tender spell
Within my dreams long time will dwell—

80

And paint, in many a distant scene,
The lake—the shore—the forest green,
“The marks of that which once hath been.”

E. J. CHAPMAN.

OUR NATIVE LAND

From *Dewart's Selections*, 1864, and *Canadian Wild Flowers*, 1884

What land more beautiful than ours ?
What other land more blest ?
The South with all its wealth of flowers ?
The prairies of the west ?

Oh no ! there's not a fairer land
Beneath heaven's azure dome—
Where Peace holds Plenty by the hand,
And Freedom finds a home.

5

The slave who but her name hath heard,
Repeats it day and night ;—
And envies every little bird
That takes its northward flight !

10

As to the Polar star they turn
 Who brave a pathless sea,—
 So the oppressed in secret yearn,
 Dear native land for thee !

15

How many loving memories throng
 Round Britain's stormy coast !
 Renowned in story and in song,
 Her glory is our boast !

20

With loyal hearts we still abide
 Beneath her sheltering wing ;—
 While with true patriot love and pride,
 To Canada we cling !

We wear no haughty tyrant's chain,—
 We bend no servile knee,
 When to the mistress of the main
 We pledge our fealty !

25

She binds us with the cords of love,—
 All others we disown ;
 The rights we owe to God above,
 We yield to him alone.

30

May He our future course direct
 By his unerring hand ;
 Our laws and liberties protect,
 And bless our native land

35

HELEN M. JOHNSON.

—Written probably in 1861.

DOMINION DAY

From *The Prophecy of Merlin and Other Poems*, 1870

VII

I

Canada, Canada, land of the maple,
 Queen of the forest and river and lake;
 Open thy soul to the voice of thy people,
 Close not thy heart to the music they make.

Bells, chime out merrily, 5
 Trumpets, call cheerily,
 Silence is vocal, and sleep is awake !

2

Canada, Canada, land of the beaver,
 Labour and skill have their triumph to-day ;
 Oh ! may the joy of it flow like a river, 10
 Wider and deeper as time flies away.

Bells, chime out merrily,
 Trumpets, call cheerily,
 Science and industry laugh and are gay.

3

Canada, Canada, land of the snow-bird, 15
 Emblem of constancy change cannot kill,
 Faith, that no strange cup has ever unsobered,
 Drinketh, to-day, from love's chalice her fill.

Bells, chime out merrily,
 Trumpets, call cheerily, 20
 Loyalty singeth and treason is still !

4

Canada, Canada, land of the bravest,
 Sons of the war-path, and sons of the sea,
 Land of no slave-lash, to-day thou enslavest
 Millions of hearts with affection for thee. 25
 Bells, chime out merrily,
 Trumpets, call cheerily,
 Let the sky ring with the shout of the free.

5

Canada, Canada, land of the fairest,
 Daughters of snow that is kissed by the sun, 30
 Binding the charms of all lands that are rarest,
 Like the bright cestus of Venus in one !
 Bells, chime out merrily,
 Trumpets, call cheerily,
 A new reign of beauty on earth is begun ! 35

VIII

I

The ocean has kissed her feet
 With cool, soft lips that smile,
 And his breath is wondrously sweet
 With the odours of many an isle,

2

He has many a grand old song
 Of his grand, old fearless kings ;
 And the voice from his breast is strong,
 As he sings and laughs as he sings. 40

3

Though often his heart is sad
 With the weight of the gray-haired days 45
 That were once as light and as glad
 As the soul of a child that plays.

4

But to-day at Canada's feet,
 He smiles, as when Venus was born,
 And the breath from his lips is as sweet 50
 As the breath of wet flowers at morn.

IX

I

The mountains raise their faces
 Up to the face of God ;
 They are fresh with balmy graces
 And with flowers their feet are shod. 55

2

In their soul is a noise of gladness,
 Their veins swell out with song,—
 With a feathery touch of sadness,
 Like a dream of forgotten wrong.

3

They have set their song to the metre
 Of the bright-eyed summer days,
 And our Land, to-day they greet her,
 With lips that are red with praise. 60

X

I

Lake is calling to lake
 With a rippy, musical sound,
 As though half afraid to awake
 The storm from his sleep profound.

65

2

The hem of their garments is gay
 With gardens that look to the south ;
 And the smile of the dawn of to-day
 Has touched them on bosom and mouth.

70

XI

The rivers have gladly embraced,
 And carry the joy of the lakes,
 Past mountain and island and waste,
 To where the sea's laughter outbreaks.

75

XII

And sea and lake and mountain,
 And man and beast and bird—
 Our happy Land's life fountain—
 By one great voice are stirred.

Bells, chime out merrily,

80

Trumpets, call cheerily,

Cannons boom lustily,

Greet the glad day !

Rose-wreath and fleur-de-lys,

Shamrock and thistle be

85

Joined to the maple tree

Now and for aye !

XIII

Let the shout of our joy to-day be borne through
the pulse of the sea,
To the grand old land of our fathers,—a token of
loyalest love ;
And may the winds bring back sweet words, O our
Land, to thee—90
As, in the far old time, the peace-leaf came with
the dove.

XIV

And long, long ages hence, when the Land that we
love so well
Has clasped us all (as a mother clasps her babe)
to her motherly bosom,
Those who shall walk on the dust of us, with pride in
their Land shall tell,
Holding the fruit in their grateful hands, of the
birth of to-day, the blossom. 95

JOHN READE.

MALBROUCK

From *Songs of Old Canada*, 1886

Malbrouck has gone a-fighting,
Mironton, mironton, mirontain,
Malbrouck has gone a-fighting,
But when will he return ?

Perchance he'll come at Easter
Or else at Trinity Term

But Trinity Term is over
And Malbrouck comes not yet.

My Lady climbs her watch-tower
As high as she can get. 10

She sees her page approaching
All clad in sable hue :

“Ah, page, brave page, what tidings
From my true lord bring you ?”

“The news I bring, fair Lady,
Will make your tears run down ; 15

“Put off your rose-red dress so fine
And doff your satin gown.

“Monsieur Malbrouck is dead, alas !
And buried too, for aye ; 20

“I saw four officers who bore
His mighty corse away.

“One bore his cuirass, and his friend
His shield of iron wrought ;

“The third his mighty sabre bore,
And the fourth—he carried nought. 25

“And at the corners of his tomb
They planted rose-marie ;

“And from their tops the nightingale
Rings out her carol free.

30

“We saw, above the laurels,
His soul fly forth amain ;

“And each one fell upon his face
And then rose up again.

“And so we sang the glories
For which great Malbrouck bled ;

35

“And when the whole was ended
Each one went off to bed.

“I say no more, my Lady,
Mironton, mironton, mirontaine,
I say no more, my Lady,
As nought more can be said.”

40

WILLIAM MCLENNAN.

EN ROULANT MA BOULE

From *Songs of Old Canada*, 1886

Behind the Manor lies the mere,
En roulant ma boule;
Three ducks bathe in its water clear,
En roulant ma boule.

Rouli, roulant, ma boule roulant,
En roulant ma boule, roulant,
En roulant ma boule.

5

Three fairy ducks swim without fear :
The Prince goes hunting far and near.

The Prince at last draws near the lake : 10
He bears his gun of magic make.

With magic gun of silver bright,
He sights the Black but kills the White.

He sights the Black but kills the White :
Ah ! cruel Prince, my heart you smite. 15

Ah ! cruel Prince, my heart you break,
In killing thus my snow-white Drake.

My snow-white Drake, my Love, my King ;
The crimson life-blood stains his wing.

His life-blood falls in rubies bright, 20
His diamond eyes have lost their light.

The cruel ball has found its quest,
His golden bill sinks on his breast.

His golden bill sinks on his breast,
His plumes go floating East and West. 25

Far, far they're borne to distant lands,
Till gathered by fair maidens' hands ;

Till gathered by fair maidens' hands ·
And form at last a soldier's bed.

SNOW

41

And form at last a soldier's bed,
En roulant ma boule.

30

Sweet refuge for the wanderer's head,
En roulant ma boule.

Rouli, roulant, ma boule roulant,
En roulant ma boule roulant,
En roulant ma boule.

WILLIAM McLENNAN.

SNOW

From *Lake Lyrics*, 1889

Down out of heaven,
Frost-kissed
And wind driven,
Flake upon flake,
Over forest and lake,
Cometh the snow.

5

Folding the forest,
Folding the farms,
In a mantle of white ;
And the river's great arms,
Kissed by the chill night
From clamour to rest,
Lie all white and shrouded
Upon the world's breast.

10

Falling so slowly
Down from above,

15

So white, hushed, and holy,
 Folding the city
 Like the great pity
 Of God in His love ;
 Sent down out of heaven
 On its sorrow and crime,
 Blotting them, folding them,
 Under its rime.

Fluttering, rustling,
 Soft as a breath,
 The whisper of leaves,
 The low pinions of death,
 Or the voice of the dawning,
 When day has its birth,
 Is the music of silence
 It makes to the earth.

Thus down out of heaven,
 Frost-kissed
 And wind-driven,
 Flake upon flake,
 Over forest and lake,
 Cometh the snow.

WILLIAM WILFRED CAMPBELL.

INDIAN SUMMER

From *Lake Lyrics*, 1889

Along the line of smoky hills,
 The crimson forest stands,
 And all the day the blue-jay calls
 Throughout the autumn lands.

Now by the brook the maple leans 5
 With all his glory spread,
 And all the sumachs on the hills
 Have turned their green to red.

Now by great marshes wrapt in mist,
 Or past some river's mouth, 10
 Throughout the long, still autumn day
 Wild birds are flying south.

WILLIAM WILFRED CAMPBELL.

TO THUNDER CAPE*

From *Lake Lyrics*, 1889

Storm-beaten cliff, thou mighty cape of thunder ;
 Rock-Titan of the north, whose feet the waves beat
 under ;
 Cloud-reared, mist-veiled, to all the world a wonder,
 Shut out in thy wild solitude asunder,
 O Thunder Cape, thou mighty cape of storms. 5

About thy base, like wo that naught assuages,
 Throughout the years the wild lake raves and rages ;
 One after one, time closes up weird pages ;
 And firm thou standest, unchanged, through the ages,
 O Thunder Cape, thou awful cape of storms. 10

Upon thy ragged front, the storm's black anger,
 Like eagle clings, amid the elements' clangour :

*Thunder Cape, an immense cliff of basaltic rock, thirteen hundred feet high, guards the entrance to Thunder Bay, Lake Superior.

About thee feels the lake's soft sensuous languor ;
 But dead alike to loving and to anger,
 Thou towerest bleak, O mighty cape of storms. 15

Year in, year out, the summer rain's soft beating,
 Thy front hath known, the winter's snow and sleetting ;
 But unto each thou givest contemptuous greeting,
 These hurt thee not through seasons fast and fleeting ;
 O proud, imperious, rock-ribbed cape of storms. 20

In August nights, when on thy under beaches,
 The lake to caverns time-weird legend teaches ;
 And moon-pearled waves to shadowed shores send
 speeches,
 Far into heaven, thine awful darkness reaches,
 O'ershadowing night ; thou ghostly cape of
 storms. 25

In wild October, when the lake is booming
 Its madness at thee, and the north is dooming
 The season to fiercest hate, still unconsuming,
 Over the strife, thine awful front is looming ;
 Like death in life, thou awful cape of storms. 30

Across thy rest the wild bee's noonday humming,
 And sounds of martial hosts to battle drumming,
 Are one to thee—no date knows thine incoming ;
 The earliest years belong to thy life's summing,
 O ancient rock, thou aged cape of storms. 35

O thou so old, within thy sage discerning,
 What sorrows, hates, what dead past loves still-
 burning,

Couldst thou relate, thine ancient pages turning ;
O thou, who seemest ever new lores learning,
 O unforgetting, wondrous cape of storms. 40

O tell me what wild past lies here enchanted :
What borders thou dost guard, what regions haunted ?
What type of man a little era flaunted,
Then passed and slept ? O tell me thou undaunted,
 Thou aged as eld, O mighty cape of storms. 45

O speak, if thou canst speak, what cities sleeping ?
What busy streets ? what laughing and what weeping ?
What vanished deeds and hopes like dust upheaving,
Hast thou long held within thy silent keeping ?

 O wise old cape, thou rugged cape of storms. 50

These all have passed, as all that's living passes,
Our thoughts they wither as the centuries' grasses,
That bloom and rot in bleak, wild lake morasses :
But still thou loomest where Superior glasses
 Himself in surge and sleep, O cape of storms. 55

And thou wilt stay when we and all our dreaming
Lie low in dust. The age's last moon-beaming
Will shed on thy wild front its final gleaming ;
For last of all that's real and all that's seeming,
 Thou still wilt linger, mighty cape of storms. 60

WILLIAM WILFRED CAMPBELL.

HARVEST SLUMBER SONG

From *The Dread Voyage*, 1893

Sleep, little baby, sleep, sleep, sleep,
Red is the moon in the night's still deep,

White are the stars with their silver wings
 Folded in dreamings of beautiful things,
 And over their cradle the night wind sings, 5
 Sleep, little baby, sleep, sleep, sleep.

Soft in the lap of the mother night
 The wee baby stars, all glowing and bright,
 Flutter their silver wings and crow
 To the watchful winds that kiss as they blow 10
 Round the air-cradle that swings so low
 Down in the lap of the mother night.

Sleep, little baby, sleep, sleep, sleep,
 Red is the moon in the night's still deep,
 And the wee baby stars are all folded and kissed 15
 In a luminous cradle of silver mist ;
 And if ever they waken the winds cry, Whist,
 Sleep, little baby, sleep, sleep, sleep.

WILLIAM WILFRED CAMPBELL.

LOVE

From *The Dread Voyage*, 1893

Love came at dawn when all the world was fair,
 When crimson glories, bloom, and song were rife ;
 Love came at dawn when hope's wings fanned the air,
 And murmured, "I am life."

Love came at even when the day was done, 5
 When heart and brain were tired, and slumber
 pressed ;

Love came at eve, shut out the sinking sun,
 And whispered, "I am rest."

WILLIAM WILFRED CAMPBELL.

MORNING

From *Beyond the Hills of Dream*, 1893

When I behold how out of ruined night
Filled with all weirds of haunted ancientness,
And dreams and phantasies of pale distress,
Is builded, beam by beam, the splendid light,
The opalescent glory, gem bedight, 5
Of dew-emblazoned morning ; when I know
Such wondrous hopes, such luminous beauties grow
From out earth's shades of sadness and affright ;

O, then, my heart, amid thy questioning fear,
Dost thou not whisper : " He who buildeth thus 10
From wrecks of dark such wonders at his will,
Can re-create from out death's night for us
The marvels of a morning gladder still
Than ever trembled into beauty here ? "

WILLIAM WILFRED CAMPBELL.

THE VANGUARD

A Poem for the 20th Century

Out of the grey light,
Into the daylight,
We are His battlemen
Riding along ;
Century-laden, 5
To some dim aidenn,
Hope in our vanguard,
Courage, our song.

"Check up the curb, there!"
 "Firm in the stirrup, there!"
 "Steady! men, steady!"
 "Riding along!"

10

Out of the grim light,
 Into the dim light,
 Under the morning airs,

15

Where the pale stars
 Fade with the dying
 Murk of night flying,
 Into the smoke-mists,

Over earth's bars—
 Where the dim sorrows
 Of long-dead to-morrows
 Sink into ashes,

20

Crumble to night—
 Cheerfully, gravely,
 Manfully, bravely,
 Ride we, ride we,
 Into His light.

25

There was an Inn, we
 Rang to begin, we
 Thundered its rafters
 With generous song—
 There a low mound, we
 Left a brave comrade,
 Worn of the journey,
 Riding along.

30

There was a battle fought,
 Fiercely the blades rang,

35

Horsemanship and charger
40
Grappled the foe—

Hard spent and hard hit,
Teeth clenched and foaming bit,
Out of the battle-smoke,
Forward we go.

Bravely faced, bravely won,
45
Nobly died, nobly done,
Lifting the firm face,

Riding along :
Always to hillward,
Truth and God-will ward,
Never toward darkness,
Never toward wrong;
50
Not dumb cattle ! men,
We are God's battlemen,
Waging His fierce fights

Under the night,
Under the smoke-mists,
Through the dim centuries,
Ride we, ride we,
65
Into His light.

Hold up the head, there !
Quicker the tread, there !
Eyes on the mountain heights !

Lift the old song !
“Bravely the right goes,
65
“Down with the dread foes,
“Evil and sorrow,
“Hate and old wrong !
“Doubt, but the battle-smoke,

“Dusk, but the morning’s cloak,

70

“Care and despairing but

“Dreams of the night;

“Roll the grey mists up !

“Drain deep the dawn-cup !

“Ride we, ride we,

75

“Into His light !”

Old men and young men,

Cheering the faint ones,

Bearing the weak ones,

Chiding the strong;

80

Over the dead past,

Ice-cold, furnace-blast,

Riding along;

We are His valiant hearts,

Wending His journey dread,

Eyes to the hills ahead,

85

Hearken our song :—

“Watch for His dawning ! mark,

“Sorrow but the shrivelled bark,

“Love the white kernel sap ;

90

“Hatred and wrong,

“But the fierce, sudden hail,

“Rattling our iron mail,

“Riding along.”

Yea, as we thunder, we

95

Know earth’s old wonder, we

Feel all about us

Her splendour and tears;

Her might and her glory,

Her centuried story,

100

Her weird, blind caravan
Down the dead years.
Her grief and her wisdom,
Her heart-breaks and yearning,
Her legends of iron-eaten,
Blood-crusted wars :—
Her loves and despairings,
Wrecks of old dynasties,
Barbarous; splendid and
Old as the stars :—
They who look down on us,
Cold in their far-light,
Orient, mystical,
Under the night;
Weird in their silence,
Grim, fixed witnesses,
Long, of earth's struggles,
Her great grim graveyards,
Of passion and might.
But under we thunder,
Charge, battle, and blunder,
Out of the night-mists,
Unto the day,
Led by an impulse,
A fierce joy and heart-hope,
Older and stronger,
And greater than they.
Sound the clear bugle, there!
Wide, let the summons blare!
Challenge the centuries,
Fearless of wrong!
Bury that dead face!
Strong heart, fill his place!

105

110

115

120

125

130

Tenderly, manfully,
Riding along ! 135

Eyes to the right, ahead !
Grim be the way we tread,
Sound down the silence, murk,
Hope's golden horn !

Sweet, sweet ! silver clear ! 140
Challenging despair and fear,
Though life be at its neap,
Death is but the morning sleep,
Ere day be born.

Close up amain, there ! 145
Curb on that rein, there !
Eyes hillward and Godward,
Forging ahead !

Down the dread journey,
Flashing the stern eye, 150
Out on dim iron-peaks
Lifetimes ahead !

Searching the night-line,
Murk's fading white line,
For the dawn's message, 155
For the day's fed ;

Sinking old sorrows
In nobler to-morrows.
Ringing the levin
With earth's battle-song ; 160

Hugging the after
Tears of old laughter,
Hopeward and Godward,
Riding along.

Eyes to the front, there ! 165
 Iron 'gainst the brunt, there !
 Jarring the battle shock,
 Under the night;
 From earth's weird wonder,
 We thunder, we thunder, 170
 Out from the centuries'
 Battle and blight;
 Clear, clear, our bugles, clear,
 Challenging despair and fear,
 Ride we, ride we, 175
 Into His light.

WILLIAM WILFRED CAMPBELL.

IN MEMORIAM

Those Killed in the North-West, 1885

From *The Soul's Quest*, 1888

Growing to full manhood now,
 With the care-lines on our brow,
 We, the youngest of the nations,
 With no childish lamentations,
 Weep, as only strong men weep, 5
 For the noble hearts that sleep,
 Pillowed where they fought and bled,
 The loved and lost, our glorious dead !

Toil and sorrow come with age,
 Manhood's rightful heritage; 10
 Toil our arms more strong shall render,
 Sorrow make our heart more tender,

In the heartlessness of time;
 Honour lays a wreath sublime—
 Deathless glory—where they bled,
 Our loved and lost, our glorious dead !

15

Wild the prairie grasses wave,
 O'er each hero's new-made grave;
 Time shall write such wrinkles o'er us.
 But the future spreads before us
 Glorious in that sunset land—
 Nerving every heart and hand,
 Comes a brightness none can shed,
 But the dead, the glorious dead !

20

Lay them where they fought and fell;
 Every heart shall ring their knell,
 For the lessons they have taught us,
 For the glory they have brought us.
 Tho' our hearts are sad and bowed,
 Nobleness still makes us proud—
 Proud of light their names shall shed
 In the roll-call of our dead !

25

30

Growing to full manhood now,
 With the care-lines on our brow,
 We, the youngest of the nations,
 With no childish lamentations,
 Weep, as only strong men weep,
 For the noble hearts that sleep
 Where the call of duty led,
 Where the lonely prairies spread,
 Where for us they fought and bled,
 Our ever loved and glorious dead.

35

40

FREDERICK GEORGE SCOTT.

VAN ELSEN

From *My Lattice*, 1894

God spake three times and saved Van Elsen's soul ;
 He spake by sickness first and made him whole ;
 Van Elsen heard Him not,
 Or soon forgot.

God spake to him by wealth ; the world outpoured 5
 Its treasures at his feet, and called him Lord ;
 Van Elsen's heart grew fat
 And proud thereat.

God spake the third time when the great world
 smiled,
 And in the sunshine slew his little child ; 10
 Van Elsen like a tree
 Fell hopelessly.

Then in the darkness came a voice which said,
 "As thy heart bleedeth, so my heart hath bled,
 As I have need of thee,
 Thou needest me." 15

That night Van Elsen kissed the baby feet,
 And kneeling by the narrow winding sheet,
 Praised Him with fervent breath
 Who conquered death. 20

FREDERICK GEORGE SCOTT.

IN THE WOODS

From *My Lattice*, 1894

This is God's house—the blue sky is the ceiling,
This woods the soft green carpet for His feet,
Those hills His stairs, down which the brooks come
stealing,
With baby laughter making earth more sweet.

And here His friends come, clouds and soft winds
sighing, 5
And little birds whose throats pour forth their love,
And spring and summer, and the white snow lying
Pencilled with shadows of bare boughs above.

And here come sunbeams through the green leaves
straying,
And shadows from the storm-clouds overdrawn, 10
And warm, hushed nights, when mother earth is
praying
So late that her moon-candle burns till dawn.

Sweet house of God, sweet earth so full of pleasure,
I enter at thy gates in storm or calm;
And every sunbeam is a joy and treasure,
And every cloud a solace and a balm. 15

FREDERICK GEORGE SCOTT.

TO MY WIFE

From *My Lattice*, 1894

Sweet Lady, queen-star of my life and thought,
Whose honour, heart and name are one with mine.

Who dost above life's troubled currents shine
With such clear beam as oftentimes hath brought
The storm-tossed spirit into harbours wrought 5
By love and peace on life's rough margin-line;
I wish no wish which is not wholly thine,
I hope no hope but what thyself hast sought.
Thou losest not, my Lady, in the wife,
The golden love-light of our earlier days; 10
Time dims it not, it mounteth like the sun,
Till earth and sky are radiant. Sweet, my life
Lies at thy feet, and all life's gifts and praise,
Yet are they nought to what thy knight hath won.

FREDERICK GEORGE SCOTT.

THE UNNAMED LAKE

From *The Unnamed Lake*, 1897

It sleeps among the thousand hills
Where no man ever trod,
And only nature's music fills
The silences of God.

Great mountains tower above its shore, 5
Green rushes fringe its brim,
And o'er its breast for evermore
The wanton breezes skim.

Dark clouds that intercept the sun
Go there in Spring to weep. 10
And there, when Autumn days are done,
White mists lie down to sleep.

Sunrise and sunset crown with gold
 The peaks of ageless stone,
 Where winds have thundered from of old 15
 And storms have set their throne.

No echoes of the world afar
 Disturb it night or day,
 But sun and shadow, moon and star,
 Pass and repass for aye. 20

'Twas in the grey of early dawn,
 When first the lake we spied,
 And fragments of a cloud were drawn
 Half down the mountain side.

Along the shore a heron flew, 25
 And from a speck on high,
 That hovered in the deepening blue,
 We heard the fish-hawk's cry.

Among the cloud-capt solitudes,
 No sound the silence broke, 30
 Save when, in whispers down the woods,
 The guardian mountains spoke.

Through tangled brush and dewy brake,
 Returning whence we came,
 We passed in silence, and the lake 35
 We left without a name.

FREDERICK GEORGE SCOTT.

THE HEAVEN OF LOVE

From *The Unnamed Lake*, 1897

I rose at midnight and beheld the sky
Sown thick with stars, like grains of golden sand
Which God had scattered loosely from His hand
Upon the floorways of His house on high;
And straight I pictured to my spirit's eye 5
The giant worlds, their course by wisdom planned,
The weary wastes, the gulfs no sight hath spanned,
And endless time for ever passing by.

Then, filled with wonder and a secret dread,
I crept to where my child lay fast asleep, 10
With chubby arm beneath his golden head.
What cared I then for all the stars above ?
One little face shut out the boundless deep,
One little heart revealed the heaven of love.

FREDERICK GEORGE SCOTT.

THE WISHING STAR

From *Poems*, Complete Edition, 1905

Day floated down the sky—a perfect day—
Leaving a footprint of pale primrose gold
Along the west, that, when her lover, Night,
Fled with his starry lances in pursuit
Across the sky, the way she went might shew. 5
From the faint-ting'd ridges of the sea, the Moon
Sprang up like Aphrodite from the wave
Which, as she climb'd the jeweled sky, still held
Her golden tresses to its swelling breast,
Where wide disspread their quiv'ring glories lay, 10

(Or as the shield of night, full disk'd and red,
 As flowers that look forever toward the Sun).
 A terrace with a fountain and an oak
 Look'd out upon the sea. The fountain danced
 Beside the huge old tree as some slim nymph,
 Rob'd in light silver, might her frolics shew
 Before some hoary king, while high above
 He shook his wild, long locks upon the breeze—
 And sigh'd deep sighs of "All is vanity!"
 Behind, a wall of Norman William's time
 Rose mellow, hung with ivy, here and there
 Torn wide apart to let a casement peer
 Upon the terrace.

15

20

25

On a carv'd sill I leant
 (A fleur-de-lis bound with an English rose)
 And look'd above me into two such eyes
 As would have dazzl'd from that ancient page
 That new old cry that hearts so often write
 In their own ashes, "All is vanity!"
 "Know'st thou," she said, with tender eyes far fix'd
 On the wide arch that domes our little earth,
 "That when a star hurls on with shining wings,
 "On some swift message from his throne of light,
 "The ready heart may wish, and the ripe fruit—
 "Fulfilment—drop into the eager palm?"
 "Then let us watch for such a star," quoth I.
 "Nay, love," she said, "tis but an idle tale."
 But some swift feeling smote upon her brow
 A rosy shadow.

30

35

I turn'd and watch'd the sky.
 Calmly the cohorts of the night swept on,
 Led by the wide-wing'd vesper; and against the moon,
 Where low her globe trembl'd upon the edge

40

Of the wide amethyst that clearly paved
 The dreamy sapphire of the night, there lay
 The jetty spars of some tall ship, that look'd
 The Night's device upon his ripe-red shield. 45
 And suddenly down towards the moon there ran—
 From some high space deep-veil'd in solemn blue—
 A little star, a point of trembling gold,
 Gone swift as seen.

“My wishing star,” quoth I;
 “Shall tell my wish? Didst note that little star? 50
 “Its brightness died not, it but disappeared,
 “To whirl undimm'd thro' space. I wish'd our love
 “Might blot the ‘All is vanity’ from life,
 “Burning brightly as that star and winging on
 “Thro' unseen space of veil'd Eternity, 55
 “Brightened by Immortality—not lost.”
 “Awful and sweet the wish!” she said, and so
 We rested in the silence of content.

ISABELLA VALANCY CRAWFORD.

CANADA TO ENGLAND

From *Poems*, Complete Edition, 1905

Gone are the days, old Warrior of the Seas,
 When thine armed head, bent low to catch my voice,
 Caught but the plaintive sighings of my woods,
 And the wild roar of rock-dividing streams,
 And the loud bellow of my cataracts, 5
 Bridged with the seven splendours of the bow.
 When Nature was a Samson yet unshorn,
 Filling the land with solitary might,
 Or as the Angel of the Apocalypse,
 One foot upon the primeval bowered land, 10

One foot upon the white mane of the sea,
 My voice but faintly swelled the ebb and flow
 Of the wild tides and storms that beat upon
 Thy rocky girdle,—loud shrieking from the Ind
 Ambrosial-breathing furies; from the north 15
 Thund’ring with Arctic bellows, groans of seas
 Rising from tombs of ice disrupted by
 The magic kisses of the wide-eyed sun.

The times have won a change. Nature no more
 Lords it alone and binds the lonely land 20
 A serf to tongueless solitudes; but Nature’s self
 Is led, glad captive, in light fetters, rich
 As music-sounding silver can adorn;
 And man has forged them, and our silent God
 Behind his flaming worlds smiles on the deed. 25
 “Man hath dominion,” words of primal might;
 “Man hath dominion,” thus the words of God.

If destiny is writ on night’s dusk scroll,
 Then youngest stars are dropping from the hand
 Of the Creator, sowing on the sky 30
 My name in seeds of light. Ages will watch
 Those seeds expand to suns such as the tree
 Bears on its boughs which grows in paradise.

How sounds my voice, my warrior kinsman, now?
 Sounds it not like to thine in lusty youth—
 A world-possessing shout of busy men,
 Veined with the clang of trumpets and the noise
 Of those who make them ready for the strife,
 And in the making ready bruise its head ?
 Sounds it not like to thine—the whispering vine, 40
 The robe of summer rustling through the fields
 The lowing of the cattle in the meads,
 The sound of Commerce, and the music-set,

Flame-brightened step of Art in stately halls,—
All the infinity of notes which chord 45
The diapason of a Nation's voice ?

My infants' tongues lisp word for word with thine;
We worship, wed, and die, and God is named
That way ye name Him—strong bond between
Two mighty lands when as one mingled cry, 50
As of one voice, Jehovah turns to hear.
The bonds between us are no subtle links
Of subtle minds binding in close embrace,
Half-struggling for release, two alien lands,
But God's own seal of kindred, which to burst
Were but to dash His benediction from 55
Our brows. Who loveth not his kin
Whose face and voice are his, how shall he love
God whom he hath not seen ?

ISABELLA VALANCY CRAWFORD

PIONEER HEROES

From *Poems*, Complete Edition, 1905

"I heard him tell

How the first field upon his farm was ploughed.
He and his brother Reuben, stalwart lads,
Yoked themselves, side by side, to the new plough;
Their weaker father, in the grey of life, 5
(But rather the wan age of poverty
Than many winters), in large, gnarl'd hands
The plunging handles held; with mighty strains
They drew the ripping beak through knotted sod,
Thro' tortuous lanes of blacken'd, smoking stumps; 10
And past great flaming brush heaps, sending out
Fierce summers, beating on their swollen brows.

O such a battle ! had we heard of serfs
 Driven to like hot conflict with the soil,
 Armies had march'd and navies swiftly sail'd 15
 To burst their gyves. But here's the little point—
 The polished di'mond pivot on which spins
 The wheel of Difference—they own'd the soil,
 And fought for love—dear love of wealth and pow'r—
 And honest ease and fair esteem of men. 20
 One's blood heats at it !"

ISABELLA VALANCY CRAWFORD.

THE SWORD

THE FORGING OF THE SWORD

From *Poems*, Complete Edition, 1905

At the forging of the Sword—
 The mountain roots were stirr'd
 Like the heart-beats of a bird;
 Like flax the tall trees wav'd,
 So fiercely struck the Forgers of the Sword. 5

At the forging of the Sword—
 So loud the hammers fell,
 The thrice seal'd gates of Hell
 Burst wide their glowing jaws,
 Deep roaring, at the forging of the Sword. 10

At the forging of the Sword—
 Kind mother Earth was rent,
 Like an Arab's dusky tent,

And, monster-like, she fed
On her children, at the forging of the Sword. 15

At the forging of the Sword—
So loud the blows they gave,
Up sprang the panting wave,
And blind and furious slew,
Shrill-shouting to the Forgers of the Sword. 20

At the forging of the Sword—
The startled air swift whirl'd
The red flames round the world,
From the anvil where was smitten
The steel the Forgers wrought into the Sword. 25

At the forging of the Sword—
The maid and matron fled,
And hid them with the dead;
Fierce prophets sang their doom,
More deadly than the wounding of the Sword. 30

At the forging of the Sword—
Swift leap'd the quiet hearts
In the meadows and the marts;
The tides of men were drawn
By the gleaming sickle-planet of the Sword ! 35

Thus wert thou forged, O lissome Sword!
On such dusk anvil wert thou wrought;
In such red flames thy metal fused ;

From such deep hells that metal brought.
 O Sword, dread lord, thou speak'st no word,
 But dumbly rulest, king and lord !

40

Less than the gods by some small span,
 Slim Sword, how great thy lieges be !
 Glint but in *one* wild camp-fire's light,
 Thy god-like vassals rush to thee.
 O sword, dread lord, thou speak'st no word,
 But dumbly rulest, king and lord !

45

Sharp god, how vast thy altars be !
 Green valleys, sacrificial cups,
 Flow with the purple lees of blood;
 Its smoke is round the mountain tops.
 O sword, dread lord, thou speak'st no word,
 But dumbly rulest, king and lord !

50

Amorous god, fierce lover thou !
 Bright sultan of a million brides,
 Thou knowest no rival to *thy* kiss,
 Thy loves are *thine* whate'er betides.
 O Sword, dread lord, thou speak'st no word,
 But dumbly rulest, king and lord.

55

Unflesh thee, Sword ! No more, no more—
 Thy steel no more shall sting and shine!
 Pass thro' the fusing fires again,
 And learn to prune the laughing vine.
 Fall Sword, dread lord—with one accord
 The plough and hook we'll own as lord !

60

ISABELLA VALANCY CRAWFORD

LOVE, THE MASTER BUILDER

From *Poems*, Complete Edition, 1905

O, Love builds on the azure sea,
 And Love builds on the golden sand,
 And Love builds on the rose-wing'd cloud,
 And sometimes Love builds on the land.

O, if Love build on sparkling sea—
 And if Love build on golden strand—
 And if Love build on rosy cloud—
 To Love these are the solid land.

O, Love will build his lily walls,
 And Love his pearly roof will rear,—
 On cloud or land, or mist or sea—
 Love's solid land is everywhere !

ISABELLA VALANCY CRAWFORD.

5

10

CANOE SONG

From *Poems*, Complete Edition, 1905

O light canoe ! where dost thou glide ?
 Below thee gleams no silver'd tide,
 But concave heaven's chiefest pride.

Above thee burns Eve's rosy bar ;
 Below thee throbs her darling star ;
 Deep 'neath thy keel her round worlds are !

5

Above, below—O sweet surprise
 To gladden happy lover's eyes ;
 No earth, no wave—all jewell'd skies !

ISABELLA VALANCY CRAWFORD.

THE AXE OF THE PIONEER

From *Poems*, Complete Edition, 1905

High grew the snow beneath the low-hung sky,
 And all was silent in the wilderness ;
 In trance of stillness Nature heard her God
 Rebuilding her spent fires, and veil'd her face
 While the Great Worker brooded o'er His work. 5

‘‘Bite deep and wide, O Axe, the tree!
 What doth thy bold voice promise me ?”

‘‘I promise thee all joyous things
 That furnish forth the lives of kings;

‘‘For ev'ry silver ringing blow
 Cities and palaces shall grow !” 10

‘‘Bite deep and wide, O Axe, the tree!
 Tell wider prophecies to me.”

‘‘When rust hath gnaw'd me deep and red,
 A nation strong shall lift his head !” 15

‘‘His crown the very heav'ns shall smite,
 Æons shall build him in his might !”

“Bite deep and wide, O Axe, the tree!
Bright Seer, help on thy prophecy !”

Max smote the snow-weigh’d tree, and lightly
laugh’d. 20

“See, friend,” he cried to one that look’d and
smil’d,

“My axe and I—we do immortal tasks—
We build up nations—this my axe and I !”

ISABELLA VALANCY CRAWFORD.

ROUND THE FIRE

From *Pine, Rose and Fleur de Lis*, 1891

The pipe, the book, the blazing fire,
The cheap yet dear delights of camp,
Of these we never, never tire.

We rise at four—duty, desire,
Are one, so nobly off we tramp,
—The pipe, the book, the blazing fire 5

To earn—unmoor the boat, acquire
The fish that bear Ontario’s stamp,
Of these we never, never tire.

At six we’re back. The sun climbs higher, 10
We crave the evening, cool and damp,
The pipe, the book, the blazing fire.

The hot hours pass 'mid bud and briar ;
 The wildwood fruits we choose and champ,
 Of these we never, never tire.

15

Till after dusk these three conspire
 (When one in town doth light her lamp),
 The pipe, the book, the blazing fire—
 Of these we never, never tire.

S. FRANCES HARRISON (*Seranus*).

CHATEAU PAPINEAU
 (AFLOAT)

From *Pine, Rose and Fleur de Lis*, 1891

The red til'd towers of the old Château
 Perch'd on the cliff above our bark,
 Burn in the western evening glow.

The fiery spirit of Papineau
 Consumes them still with its fever spark, 5
 The red til'd towers of the old Château !

Drift by and mark how bright they show,
 And how the mullion'd windows—mark !
 Burn in the western evening glow !

Drift down, or up, where'er you go, 10
 They flame from out the distant park,
 The red til'd towers of the old Château.

So was it once with friend, with foe ;
 Far off they saw the patriot's ark
 Burn in the western evening glow.

15

Think of him now ! One thought bestow,
 As, blazing against the pine trees dark,
 The red til'd towers of the old Château
 Burn in the western evening glow !

S. FRANCES HARRISON (*Seranus*).

VILLANELLE

From *Pine, Rose and Fleur de Lis*, 1891

Sprung from a sword-sheath fit for Mars,
 Straight and sharp, of a gay glad green,
 My jonquil lifts its yellow stars.

Barter, would I, for the dross of the Czars,
 These golden flowers and buds fifteen, 5
 Sprung from a sword-sheath fit for Mars ?

Barter, would you, these scimitars,
 Among which lit by their light so keen
 My jonquil lifts its yellow stars ?

No, for the breast may burst its bars, 10
 The heart its shell, at sight of the sheen
 Sprung from a sword-sheath fit for Mars :

Miles away from the mad earth's jars,
 Beneath a leafy and shining screen,
 My jonquil lifts its yellow stars. 15

And I—self-scathéd with mortal scars,
 I weep, when I see, in its radiant mien,
 Sprung from a sword-sheath fit for Mars
 My jonquil lift its yellow stars.

S. FRANCES HARRISON (*Seranus*).

A SUMMER STORM

From *The Magic House*, 1893

Last night a storm fell on the world
 From height of drouth and heat,
 The surly clouds for weeks were furled,
 The air could only sway and beat,

The beetles clattered at the blind, 5
 The hawks fell twanging from the sky,
 The west unrolled a feathery wind,
 And the night fell sullenly.

A storm leaped roaring from its lair,
 Like the shadow of doom, 10
 The poignard lightning searched the air,
 The thunder ripped the shattered gloom,

The rain came down with a roar like fire,
 Full-voiced and clamorous and deep,
 The weary world had its heart's desire, 15
 And fell asleep.

And now in the morning early,
 The clouds are sailing by
 Clearly, oh ! so clearly,
 The distant mountains lie. 20

The wind is very mild and slow,
 The clouds obey his will,
 They part and part and onward go,
 Travelling together still.

'Tis very sweet to be alive, 25
 On a morning that's so fair,
 For nothing seems to stir or strive,
 In the unconscious air.

A tawny thrush is in the wood,
 Ringing so wild and free ; 30
 Only one bird has a blither mood,
 The white-throat on the tree.

DUNCAN CAMPBELL SCOTT.

A PORTRAIT

From *The Magic House*, 1893

All her hair is softly set,
 Like a misty coronet,
 Massing darkly on her brow,
 Like the pines above the snow ;
 And her eyebrows lightly drawn, 5
 Slender clouds above the dawn,
 Or like ferns above her eyes,
 Ferns and pools in Paradise.

Her sweet mouth is like a flower,
 Like a poppy full of power, 10
 Shaken light and crimson stain,

Pressed together by the rain,
 Glowing liquid in the sun,
 When the rain is done.

When she moves, her motionings
 Seem to shadow hidden wings ; 15
 So the cuckoo going to light
 Takes a little further flight,
 Fluttering onward, poised there,
 Half in grass and half in air. 20

When she speaks, her girlish voice
 Makes a very pleasant noise,
 Like a brook that hums along
 Under leaves an undersong :
 When she sings, her voice is clear, 25
 Like the waters swerving sheer,
 In the sunlight magical,
 Down a ringing fall.

Here her spirit came to dwell
 From the passionate Israfel ; 30
 One of those great songs of his
 Rounded to a soul like this ;
 And when she seems so strange at even,
 He must be singing in the heaven ;

When she wears that charméd smile,
 Listening, listening all the while,
 She is stirred with kindred things,
 Starry fire and sweeping wings,
 And the seraph's sobbing strings. 35

DUNCAN CAMPBELL SCOTT.

OFF RIVIÈRE DU LOUP

From *The Magic House*, 1893

O ship incoming from the sea
With all your cloudy tower of sail,
Dashing the water to the lee,
And leaning grandly to the gale ;

The sunset pageant in the west 5
Has filled your canvas curves with rose,
And jewelled every toppling crest
That crashes into silver snows !

You know the joy of coming home,
After long leagues to France or Spain; 10
You feel the clear Canadian foam
And the gulf water heave again.

Between these sombre purple hills,
That cool the sunset's molten bars,
You will go on as the wind wills 15
Beneath the river's roof of stars.

You will toss onward toward the lights
That spangle over the lonely pier,
By hamlets glimmering on the heights,
By level islands black and clear. 20

You will go on beyond the tide,
Through brimming plains of olive sedge,
Through paler shallows, light and wide,
The rapids piled along the ledge.

At evening off some reedy bay 25
You will swing slowly on your chain,
And catch the scent of dewy hay
Soft blowing from the pleasant plain
DUNCAN CAMPBELL SCOTT.

THIS CANADA OF OURS

From *This Canada of Ours*, 1893

Let other tongues in older lands
Loud vaunt their claims to glory,
And chaunt in triumph of the past,
Content to live in story.

Tho' boasting no baronial halls,
Nor ivy-crested towers,
What past can match thy glorious youth,
Fair Canada of ours ?

Fair Canada,
Dear Canada,
This Canada of ours !

We love those far-off ocean Isles,
Where Britain's monarch reigns ;
We'll ne'er forget the good old blood
That courses through our veins ;
Proud Scotia's fame, old Erin's name,
And haughty Albion's powers,
Reflect their matchless lustre on
This Canada of ours.

Fair Canada,
Dear Canada,
This Canada of ours !

May our Dominion flourish then,
A goodly land and free,
Where Celt and Saxon, hand in hand, 25
Hold sway from sea to sea ;
Strong arms shall guard our cherished homes,
When darkest danger lowers,
And with our life-blood we'll defend
This Canada of ours. 30

Fair Canada,
Dear Canada,
This Canada of ours !

SIR JAMES DAVID EDGAR.

A CANADIAN CAMPING SONG

From *This Canada of Ours*, 1893

A white tent pitched by a glassy lake,
Well under a shady tree,
Or by rippling rills from the grand old hills,
Is the summer home for me.
I fear no blaze of the noontide rays, 5
For the woodland glades are mine,
The fragrant air, and that perfume rare,
The odour of forest pine.

CHORUS

The wild woods, the wild woods,
The wild woods give me ; 10
The wild woods of Canada,
The boundless and free !

A cooling plunge at the break of day,
 A paddle, a row, or sail,
 With always a fish for a mid-day dish, 15
 And plenty of Adam's ale.
 With rod or gun, or in hammock swung,
 We glide through the pleasant days ;
 When darkness falls on our canvas walls,
 We kindle the camp-fire's blaze. 20

From out the gloom sails the silv'ry moon,
 O'er forests dark and still,
 Now far, now near, ever sad and clear,
 Comes the plaint of whip-poor-will ;
 With song and laugh, and with kindly chaff, 25
 We startle the birds above,
 Then rest tired heads on our cedar beds,
 To dream of the ones we love.

SIR JAMES DAVID EDGAR.

THE BLIND MAN

From *The House of the Trees*, 1895

The blind man at his window bars
 Stands in the morning dewy dim;
 The lily-footed dawn, the stars
 That wait for it, are naught to him.

And naught to his unseeing eyes 5
 The brownness of a sunny plain,
 Where worn and drowsy August lies,
 And wakens but to sleep again.

And naught to him a greening slope,
 That yearns up to the heights above, 10

And naught the leaves of May, that ope
As softly as the eyes of love.

And naught to him the branching aisles,
Athrong with woodland worshippers,
And naught the fields where summer smiles 15
Among her sunburned labourers.

The way a trailing streamlet goes,
The barefoot grasses on its brim,
The dew a flower cup o'erflows
With silent joy, are hid from him.

20

To him no breath of nature calls;
Upon his desk his work is laid;
He looks up at the dingy walls,
And listens to the voice of Trade.

ETHELWYN WETHERALD.

OUT OF DOORS

From *The House of the Trees*, 1895

In the urgent solitudes
Lies the spur to larger moods;
In the friendship of the trees
Dwell all sweet serenities.

ETHELWYN WETHERALD.

THE INDIGO BIRD

From *Tangled in Stars*, 1902

When I see,
High on the tip-top twig of a tree,

Something blue by the breezes stirred,
 But so far up that the blue is blurred,
 So far up that no green leaf flies
 Twixt its blue and the blue of the skies,
 Then I know, ere a note be heard,
 That is naught but the Indigo bird. 5

Blue on the branch and blue in the sky,
 And naught between but the breezes high,
 And naught so blue by the breezes stirred
 As the deep, deep blue of the Indigo bird. 10

When I hear
 A song like a bird laugh, blithe and clear,
 As though of some airy jest he had heard 15
 The last and the most delightful word,
 A laugh as fresh in the August haze
 As it was in the full-voiced April days,
 Then I know that my heart is stirred
 By the laugh-like song of the Indigo bird. 20

Joy in the branch and joy in the sky,
 And naught between but the breezes high;
 And naught so glad on the breezes heard
 As the gay, gay note of the Indigo bird.

ETHELWYN WETHERALD.

THE PASTURE FIELD

From *Tangled in Stars*, 1902

When spring has burned
 The ragged robe of winter, stitch by stitch,

And deftly turned

To moving melody the wayside ditch,
The pale-green pasture field behind the bars
Is goldened o'er with dandelion stars.

When summer keeps

Quick pace with sinewy, white-shirted arms,
And daily steepes

In sunny splendour all her spreading farms,
The pasture field is flooded foamy white
With daisy faces looking at the light.

When autumn lays

Her golden wealth upon the forest floor,
And all the days

Look backward at the days that went before,
A pensive company, the asters, stand,
Their blue eyes brightening the pasture land.

When winter lifts

A sounding trumpet to his strenuous lips,
And shapes the drifts

To curves of transient loveliness, he slips
Upon the pasture's ineffectual brown
A swan-soft vestment delicate as down.

ETHELWYN WETHERALD

BY THE FOUNTAIN

From *Lyrics on Freedom, Love and Death*, 1887

By the margin of the fountain in the soulful summer
season,

While the song of silver-throated singers smote
and shook the air,
While the life seemed sweet enough to live without
a ray of reason
Save that it was, and that the world was lovely
everywhere.

By the fountain,—where the Oreads, through the
moon-lit nights enchanted 5

Of the summer, may have sported and have laved
their shining limbs :

By the fountain,—which in elder days the Mœnads
may have haunted,

Giving all the praise to Bacchus, twining wreaths
and singing hymns :

By the fountain whose pellucid waves within the
delicate basin

Daintily tinkling, dropping dreamily, made a music
in the ears 10

Like the echo of some high, some arch-angelic dia-
pason

Drifting downward from the ever swinging, never
silent spheres :

By the fountain fringed with laurel, whose green
branches, intertwining,

Let but few swift shafts of sunshine in to paint
the odorous space,

Lo ! a maiden fairer far than any future lay re-
clining 15

On an arm whose white, warm beauty shot a
splendour through the place.

Oh, her eyes were like to Leda's lights divine to him
 who misses
 In a desert land his pathway when the moon is
 on the wane ;
 And her tress was dark as Vashti's, and her lips were
 ripe for kisses,
 Though on them had fallen no kiss as yet of
 passion or of pain. 20

And her smile was bright and splendid, as the east
 when morn is breaking,
 Only softer far and sweeter, far diviner and
 more calm,
 And her voice was like the song of birds the sylvan
 echoes waking
 In the gardens of a king where gleam the myrtle
 and the palm.

* * * * *

GEORGE FREDERICK CAMERON.

TRUE GREATNESS

From *Lyrics on Freedom, Love and Death*, 1887

What is true greatness ? Is't to climb
 Above the rocks and shoals of time
 To sculpture on some height sublime
 A name
 To live immortal in its prime 5
 And flush of fame ?

What is true greatness ? Is't to lead
 Your armed hirelings on to bleed,

And move a terrible god, indeed,
An hour ;

10

To sate your lust of gold, or greed
Of despot power ?

What is true greatness ? Question not,
But go to yon secluded spot

15

And enter yonder humble cot
And find

A husbandman who never fought
Or wronged his kind :

For whom the lips of war are dumb :

Who loves far more than beat of drum
The cattle's low, the insect's hum

20

In air :

And find true greatness in its sum
And total there !

What is true Greatness ? 'Tis to clear

25

From sorrow's eye the glistening tear :
To comfort there, to cherish here,

To bless :

To aid, encourage, and to cheer
Distress.

30

GEORGE FREDERICK CAMERON.

THE FUTURE

From *Lyrics on Freedom, Love and Death*, 1887

O poet of the future ! I,
Of the dead Present, bid thee hail !

Come forth and speak,—our speech shall die :

Come forth and sing,—our song shall fail :
Our speech, our song fall barren,—we go by ! 5

Our heart is weak. In vain it swells
And beats to bursting at the wrong :
There never sets a sun but tells

Of weak ones trampled down by strong,
Of Truth and Justice both immured in cells. 10

We would aspire, but round us lies
A maze of high desires and aims ;
Would seek a prize, but, ah ! our eyes
Fail as we face the fallen fames
Of the great world's Olympian games. 15

Seeing the victors vanquished, we
Grow heartsick at the sight, and choose
To hold in fee what things there be
Rather than in the hazard use,—
Than stake the all we have—to lose ! 20

We all are feeble. Still we tread
An ever-upward sloping way ;
Deep chasms and dark are round us spread
And bale-fires beckon us astray :
But thou shalt stand upon the mountain head. 25

But thou wilt look with gladdened eyes
And see the mist of error flee,
And see the happy suns arise
Of happier days that are to be,—
On greener, gladder earth, and clearer skies. 30

We, of the Morning, but behold
 The dawn afar : thine eye shalt see
 The full and perfect day unfold,—
 The full and perfect day to be,
 When Justice shall return as lovely as of old. 35

Thou, with unloosened tongue, shalt speak
 In words of subtle, silver sound,—
 In words not futile now, nor weak,
 To all the nations listening round
 Until they seek the light,—nor vainly seek ! 40

We only ask it as our share,
 That, when your day-star rises clear,—
 A perfect splendour in the air,—
 A glory ever, far and near,—
 Ye write such words—*as these of those who were !* 45

GEORGE FREDERICK CAMERON.

Kingston, September, 1885.

OUTLOOK

Not to be conquered by these headlong days,
 But to stand free : to keep the mind at brood
 On life's deep meaning, nature's altitude
 Of loveliness, and time's mysterious ways ;
 At every thought and deed to clear the haze 5
 Out of our eyes, considering only this,
 What man, what life, what love, what beauty is,
 This is to live, and win the final praise.
 Though strife, ill fortune and harsh human need
 Beat down the soul, at moments blind and dumb 10

With agony ; yet, patience—there shall come
Many great voices from life's outer sea,
Hours of strange triumph, and, when few men heed,
Murmurs and glimpses of eternity.

ARCHIBALD LAMPMAN.

THE RAILWAY STATION

The darkness brings no quiet here, the light
No waking : ever on my blinded brain
The flare of lights, the rush, and cry, and strain,
The engines' scream, the hiss and thunder smite :
I see the hurrying crowds, the clasp, the flight, 5
Faces that touch, eyes that are dim with pain :
I see the hoarse wheels turn, and the great train
Move labouring out into the bournelless night.
So many souls within its dim recesses,
So many bright, so many mournful eyes : 10
Mine eyes that watch grow fixed with dreams and
guesses ;
What threads of life, what hidden histories,
What sweet or passionate dreams and dark distresses,
What unknown thoughts, what various agonies !

ARCHIBALD LAMPMAN.

SEPTEMBER

Now hath the summer reached her golden close,
And lost, amid her cornfields, bright of soul,
Scarcely perceives from her divine repose
How near, how swift, the inevitable goal :

Still, still, she smiles, though from her careless feet 5
The bounty and the fruitful strength are gone,
And through the soft long wondering days goes on
The silent sere decadence sad and sweet.

The kingbird and the pensive thrush are fled,
Children of light, too fearful of the gloom ; 10
The sun falls low, the secret word is said,
The mouldering woods grow silent as the tomb ;
Even the fields have lost their sovereign grace,
The cone-flower and the marguerite ; and no more,
Across the river's shadow-haunted floor, 15
The paths of skimming swallows interlace.

Already in the outland wilderness
The forests echo with unwonted dins ;
In clamorous gangs the gathering woodmen press
Northward, and the stern winter's toil begins. 20
Around the long low shanties, whose rough lines
Break the sealed dreams of many an unnamed lake,
Already in the frost-clear morns awake
The crash and thunder of the falling pines.

Where the tilled earth, with all its fields set free, 25
Naked and yellow from the harvest lies,
By many a loft and busy granary,
The hum and tumult of the threshers rise ;
There the tanned farmers labour without slack,
Till twilight deepens round the spouting mill, 30
Feeding the loosened sheaves, or with fierce will,
Pitching waist-deep upon the dusty stack.

Still a brie' while, ere the old year quite pass,
 Our wandering steps and wistful eyes shall greet
 The leaf, the water, the belovéd grass ; 35
 Still from these haunts and this accustomed seat
 I see the wood-wrapt city, swept with light,
 The blue long-shadowed distance, and, between,
 The dotted farm-lands with their parcelled green,
 The dark pine forest and the watchful height. 40

I see the broad rough meadow stretched away
 Into the crystal sunshine, wastes of sod,
 Acres of withered vervain, purple-gray,
 Branches of aster, groves of goldenrod ;
 And yonder, towards the sunlit summit, strewn 45
 With shadowy boulders, crowned and swathed with
 weed,
 Stand ranks of silken thistles, blown to seed,
 Long silver fleeces shining like the noon.

In far-off russet cornfields, where the dry
 Gray shocks stand peaked and withering, half
 concealed 50
 In the rough earth, the orange pumpkins lie,
 Full-ribbed ; and in the windless pasture-field
 The sleek red horses o'er the sun-warmed ground
 Stand pensively about in companies,
 While all around them from the motionless trees 55
 The long clean shadows sleep without a sound.

Under cool elm-trees floats the distant stream,
 Moveless as air ; and o'er the vast warm earth
 The fathomless daylight seems to stand and dream,
 A liquid cool elixir—all its girth 60

Bound with faint haze, a frail transparency,
 Whose lucid purple barely veils and fills
 The utmost valleys and the thin last hills,
 Nor mars one whit their perfect clarity.

Thus without grief the golden days go by, 65
 So soft we scarcely notice how they wend,
 And like a smile half happy, or a sigh,
 The summer passes to her quiet end ;
 And soon, too soon, around the cumbered eaves
 Sly frosts shall take the creepers by surprise, 70
 And through the wind-touched reddening woods
 shall rise
 October with the rain of ruined leaves.

ARCHIBALD LAMPMAN.

THE POET'S POSSESSION

Think not, O master, of the well-tilled field,
 This earth is only thine ; for after thee,
 When all is sown and gathered and put by,
 Comes the grave poet with creative eye,
 And from these silent acres and clean plots, 5
 Bids with his wand the fancied after-yield
 A second tilth and second harvest be,
 The crop of images and curious thoughts.

ARCHIBALD LAMPMAN.

TO MY DAUGHTER

O little one, daughter, my dearest,
 With your smiles and your beautiful curls,

And your laughter, the brightest and clearest,
O gravest and gayest of girls ;

With your hands that are softer than roses, 5
And your lips that are lighter than flowers,
And that innocent brow that discloses
A wisdom more lovely than ours ;

With your locks that encumber, or scatter
In a thousand mercurial gleams, 10
And those feet whose impetuous patter
I hear and remember in dreams ;

With your manner of motherly duty,
When you play with your dolls and are wise ;
With your wonders of speech, and the beauty 15
In your little imperious eyes ;

When I hear you so silverly ringing
Your welcome from chamber or stair,
When you run to me kissing and clinging,
So radiant, so rosily fair ; 20

I bend like an ogre above you ;
I bury my face in your curls ;
I fold you, I clasp you, I love you,
O baby, queen-blossom of girls !

ARCHIBALD LAMPMAN.

AFTER THE SHOWER

The shower is past, ere it hath well begun.
The enormous clouds are rolling up like steam

Into the illimitable blue. They gleam
 In summits of banked snow against the sun.
 The old dry beds begin to laugh and run, 5
 As if 'twere spring. The trees in the wind's stir
 Shower down great drops, and every gossamer
 Glitters a net of diamonds fresh-spun.
 The happy flowers put on a spritelier grace,
 Star-flower and smilacina creamy-hued, 10
 With little spires of honey-scent and light,
 And that small, dainty violet, pure and white,
 That holds by magic in its twisted face
 The heart of all the perfumes of the wood.

ARCHIBALD LAMPMAN.

THE JEWELLED TREES

On the verge of the month of the white new year,
 When friend to friend gives heartiest cheer,
 The rain and the frost for a night and a day
 Have cunningly worked alternately.
 They have thickened the crust of the dazzling snow 5
 Over whose surface the cold winds blow :
 They have fringed the eaves with their old device,
 Enormous daggers of glittering ice :
 And the nails in the wall, where in summertime
 The scarlet runners were wont to climb, 10
 They have crowned with gems more bright, more fair,
 Than eastern queens on their bosoms wear.
 But scarcely a glance you will waste on these,
 For our wonder is fixed on the jewelled trees ;
 Never before, in all their days, 15
 Have they borne such beauty for mortal gaze :

On them the frost and the rain have wrought
A splendour that could not be sold or bought.
Heavily laden from foot to crown,
Like fairest of brides with heads bowed down, 20
In park and square, demurely they stand,—
Stand by the wayside all over the land,
Thick-crusted with pearls of marvellous size,
Whose lustre rebukes our aching eyes.
Thus for a night and a day they have stood, 25
Modest and chaste in their virginhood;
But are they as happy, as joyful at heart,
As when, in green vesture, they gladly took part
In all the fresh bliss that to spring-time they owed,—
In all the hot pleasure that summer bestowed ? 30
“Nay, verily, nay,” I hear them repeat :
“The blood in our veins, even down to our feet,
Is gelid and still,—
We are sick unto death :
Oh send us, ye heavens, Oh send us a breath 35
Of warmth that will bear all these jewels away,—
These fetters that we for a night and a day
Have borne in silence with infinite ‘pain.
Oh give us our freedom, our bare arms again.”
A wind that had slept all this time in the south, 40
In an orange grove that was faint from drouth,
Heard the soft plaint of the jewelled trees,
And came in the guise of a gentle breeze,—
Came, and with kisses tenderly
Unbound the captives, and set them free. 45
Their crystalline chains were broken asunder,
Filling all earth with a blinding wonder,—
With a crash and a flash, and a musical sound,
Like a shower of stars they fell to the ground :

And, freed from their bondage, the grateful trees 50
 In their bare, brown arms caressed the breeze,
 Caressed the wind that came from the south;
 From the orange grove that was faint with drouth :
 And they wept for joy, their thanks they wept,
 While the wind lay still in their arms and slept. 55

GEORGE MARTIN.

A SONG FOR CANADA

From *Lays of the True North*, 1899

Our Canada, young, strong and free,
 Whose sceptre stretches far,
 Whose hills look down on either sea,
 And front the polar star—
 Not for thy greatness, half unknown, 5
 Wide plains or mountains grand,
 But, as we hold thee for our own,
 We love our native land !
 God bless our mighty forest-land
 Of mountain, lake and river, 10
 Whose loyal sons, from strand to strand,
 Sing 'Canada for ever !'

In winter robes of virgin snow
 We proudly hail thee ours;
 We crown thee when the south winds blow 15
 'Our Lady of the Flowers';
 We love thy rainbow-tinted skies,
 Thy mystic charm of spring;

For us thine autumn's gorgeous dyes,

For us thy song-birds sing.

20

God bless our own Canadian land

Of mountain, lake and river,

Whose loyal sons, from strand to strand,

Sing 'Canada for ever !'

Fair art thou when the summer wakes

25

The cornfields' yellow gold;

Thy quiet pastures, azure lakes,

For us their treasures hold;

To us each hill and dale is dear,

Each rock and stream and glen,

30

Dear scattered homes of kindly cheer,

And busy haunts of men.

God bless our own Canadian land

Of mountain, lake and river,

Whose loyal sons, from strand to strand,

35

"Sing 'Canada for ever !'

Our sires their old traditions brought,

Their lives of faithful toil;

For home and liberty they fought

On our Canadian soil.

40

Queenston, Quebec, and Lundy's Lane

Can stir our pulses still;

The lands they held through blood and pain

A free-born people fill.

God bless our own Canadian land

45

Of mountain, lake and river,

Whose loyal sons, from strand to strand,

Sing 'Canada for ever !'

Saxon and Celt and Norman we:
 Each race its memory keeps; 50
 Yet o'er us all, from sea to sea,
 One Red Cross banner sweeps.
 Long may our Greater Britain stand
 The bulwark of the free !
 But, Canada, our own fair land, 55
 Our first love is for thee.
 God bless our own Canadian land
 Of mountain, lake and river:
 Well may thy sons, from strand to strand,
 Sing 'Canada for ever !' 60
 AGNES MAULE MACHAR.

PRAYER FOR DOMINION DAY, 1890

From *Lays of the True North*, 1899

With head uplifted towards the Polar star,
 And feet half buried in the vines and corn,
 Our country, of the nations latest born,
 Stretches one hand the Atlantic's waves to bar,
 The other—to the setting sun afar— 5
 Rolls back the wide Pacific towards the morn !
 And yet, methinks, distracted and forlorn
 She looks—from things that were to things that are—
 With doubtful eyes, that all uncertain sweep
 The wide horizon, as if searching there 10
 For one strong love to make her pulses leap
 With one strong impulse ! Wayward passions tear
 The heart that should be set in purpose deep,
 And cloud the eyes that should be raised in prayer !

O God of nations, who hast set her place
Between the rising and the setting day,
Her part in this world's changeful course to play,
Soothe the conflicting passions that we trace
In her unrestful eyes—grant her the grace
To know the one true perfect love that may
Give noble impulse to her onward way—
God's love, that doth all other loves embrace !
Gird her with panoply of truth and right
In which she may go forth her fate to meet—
Ithuriel's spear, to crush with angel might
The brood of darkness crouching at her feet;
With faith to nerve her will and clear her sight,
Till she shall round a destiny complete !

AGNES MAULE MACHAR.

THE COMING OF THE SPRING

From *Lays of the True North*, 1899

With subtle presence the air is filling,
Our pulses thrilling;
What strange mysterious sense of gladness
Transfused with sadness;
Trembling in opal and purple hues
That wake and melt in azure high,
Brooding in sunbeams that suffuse
With the light of hope, the fields that lie
Quiet and gray 'neath the sunset sky ?

Thor's thunder-hammer hath waked the earth 10
To a glad new birth—

The birth of the fresh, young, joyous spring,
 New blossoming—
 Bidding the south wind softly blow,
 Loosing the tongues of the murmuring streams, 15
 Sending the sap with a swifter flow
 Through the bare brown trees, and waking dreams
 Of summer shadows and golden gleams !

Down in the budding woods unseen,
 Amid mosses green, 20
 The fair hepatica wakes to meet
 The hastening feet
 Of the children that soon, with laughter sweet,
 Shall shout with glee to find it there,
 And bear it homeward—the herald meet 25
 Of the countless bells and blossoms fair
 That shall ring sweet chimes on the balmy air.

And tiny ferns their fronds unbind
 By streams that wind—
 Singing a song in soft undertones— 30
 O'er the smooth brown stones;
 And pure white lilies and purple phlox
 And violets yellow and white and grey,
 And columbines gleaming from lichenized rocks,
 And dogwood blossoms and snowy may, 35
 Shall wreath with beauty each woodland way.

Soon, in the shadow of dewy leaves
 About our eaves,
 The chorister-birds shall their matins ring,
 Sweet carolling; 40
 While, through the bowery orchard trees,

All sprinkled with drifts of scented snow,
Comes the fragrant breath of the morning breeze,
And over the long lush grass below
Soft wavering shadows glide to and fro.

45

But when shall the better Spring arise
Beneath purer skies—
The Spring that can never pass away
Nor know decay—
Sending new joy through the stricken heart, 50
Waking new life from the silent tomb,
Joining the souls that have moved apart,
Bidding earth's winter for ever depart,
With incompleteness, pain, and gloom,
Till—ransomed at last from its inwrought doom— 55
It shall blossom forth in immortal bloom.

AGNES MAULE MACHAR.

A THANKSGIVING HYMN

From *Lays of the True North*, 1899

For the gladness of the sunshine,
For the dropping of the rain,
For the spingtide's bloom of promise,
For the autumn's golden grain,
For the beauty of the forest, 5
For the fatness of the field,
For the orchard's rosy fruitage,
For the vineyard's luscious yield,
We thank Thee, O Lord !

5

For the nobler, richer beauty, 10
 For the light that spirits know,
 For the sacredness of duty
 Guiding us through life below,
 For our earthly ties so precious,
 For the fireside warm and bright, 15
 For the faith that through the darkness
 Leads us to immortal light,
 We thank Thee, O Lord !

For the drought that parched and withered,
 For the blast that bared the bough, 20
 For the clouds concealing blessings
 That we may not measure now,
 For our gladness and our sorrow,
 For our poverty and wealth,
 For our getting and our losing, 25
 For our sickness and our health,
 We thank Thee, O Lord !

For the losses and the crosses
 Coming sore against our will;
 From Thy hand each good gift cometh, 30
 And, not less, the seeming ill.
 What Thou givest in Thy wisdom,
That alone to us is blest,
 And of all Thy countless givings,
 For Thy boundless *love*, the best, 35
 We thank Thee, O Lord !

AGNES MAULE MACHAR.

HARVEST TIME

From *Canadian Born*, 1903

Pillooned and hushed on the silent plain,
Wrapped in her mantle of golden grain,

Wearied of pleasuring weeks away,
Summer is lying asleep to-day,—

Where winds come sweet from the wild-rose briers 5
And the smoke of the far-off prairie fires.

Yellow her hair as the goldenrod,
And brown her cheeks as the prairie sod;

Purple her eyes as the mists that dream
At the edge of some laggard sun-drowned stream; 10

But over their depths the lashes sweep,
For Summer is lying to-day asleep.

The north wind kisses her rosy mouth,
His rival frowns in the far-off south,

And comes caressing her sunburnt cheek, 15
And Summer awakes for one short week,—

Awakes and gathers her wealth of grain,
Then sleeps and dreams for a year again.

E. PAULINE JOHNSON.

GUARD OF THE EASTERN GATE.

From *Canadian Born*, 1903

Halifax sits on her hills by the sea
In the might of her pride,—

Invincible, terrible, beautiful, she
With a sword at her side.

To right and to left of her, battlements rear
And fortresses frown;

While she sits on her throne without favour or fear,
With her cannon as crown.

Coast guard and sentinel, watch of the weal
Of a nation she keeps;

But her hand is encased in a gauntlet of steel,
And her thunder but sleeps.

E. PAULINE JOHNSON.

AT CROW'S NEST PASS

From *Canadian Born*, 1903

At Crow's Nest Pass the mountains rend
Themselves apart, the rivers wend
A lawless course about their feet,
And breaking into torrents beat
In useless fury where they blend
At Crow's Nest Pass.

The nesting eagle, wise, discreet,
Wings up the gorge's lone retreat
And makes some barren crag her friend
At Crow's Nest Pass.

Uncertain clouds, half-high, suspend
Their shifting vapours, and contend
With rocks that suffer not defeat;
And snows, and suns, and mad winds meet
To battle where the cliffs defend
At Crow's Nest Pass.

E. PAULINE JOHNSON.

ULLABY OF THE IROQUOIS

From *Canadian Born*, 1903

Little brown baby-bird, lapped in your nest,
Wrapped in your nest,
Strapped in your nest,
Your straight little cradle-board rocks you to rest;
Its hands are your nest, 5
Its bands are your nest;
It swings from the down-bending branch of the oak;
You watch the camp flame, and the curling gray smoke;
But, oh, for your pretty black eyes sleep is best,—
Little brown baby of mine, go to rest. 10

Little brown baby-bird swinging to sleep,
Winging to sleep,
Singing to sleep,
Your wonder-black eyes that so wide open keep,
Shielding their sleep, 15
Unyielding to sleep,
The heron is homing, the plover is still,
The night-owl calls from his haunt on the hill,
Afar the fox barks, afar the stars peep,—
Little brown baby of mine, go to sleep. 20

E. PAULINE JOHNSON (*Tekahionwake*).

SHE JUST KEEPS HOUSE FOR ME

From *Heart Songs*, 1898

She is so winsome and so wise
She sways us at her will,

And oft the question will arise,
What mission does she fill ?
And so I say with pride untold
And love beyond degree,
This woman with the heart of gold,
She just keeps house for me—
For me,—
She just keeps house for me. 10

A full content dwells in her face,
She's quite in love with life,
And for a title, wears with grace
The sweet, old-fashioned "Wife" ;
And so I say with pride untold,
And love beyond degree,
This woman with the heart of gold
She just keeps house for me—
For me—
She just keeps house for me.

What though I toil from morn till night,
What though I weary grow,
A spring of love and dear delight
Doth ever softly flow ;
And so I say with pride untold,
And love beyond degree,
The woman with the heart of gold
She just keeps house for me.

Our children climb upon her knee
And lie upon her breast,
And ah ! her mission seems to me
The highest and the best;

And so I say with pride untold,
And love beyond degree,
This woman with the heart of gold 35
She just keeps house for me.

JEAN BLEWETT.

HIS OWN LITTLE BLACK-EYED LAD

From *Heart Songs*, 1898

It is time for bed, so the nurse declares,
But I slip off to the nook,
The cosy nook at the head of the stairs,
Where daddy's reading his book.

"I want to sit here awhile on your knee," 5
I say as I toast my feet,
"And I want you to pop some corn for me,
And give me an apple sweet."

I tickle him under the chin—just so—
And I say, "Please can't I dad ?" 10
Then I kiss his mouth so he can't say no,
To his own little black-eyed lad.

"You can't have a pony this year at all,"
Says my stingy uncle Joe,
After promising it, and there's the stall 15
Fixed ready for it, you know.

One can't depend on his uncles, I see,
It's daddies that are the best,
And I find mine and climb on his knee
As he takes his smoke and rest. 20

I tickle him under the chin—just so—
 And I say, “Please can’t I, dad ?”
 Then I kiss his mouth so he can’t say no,
 To his own little black-eyed lad.

I want to skate, and oh, what a fuss
 For fear I’ll break through the ice !
 This woman that keeps our house for us
 She isn’t what I call nice.

She wants a boy to be just like a girl,
 To play in the house all day,
 Keep his face all clean, and his hair in curl,
 But dad doesn’t think that way.

I tickle him under the chin—just so—
 And I say, “Please can’t I, dad ?”
 Then I kiss his mouth so he can’t say no,
 To his own little black-eyed lad.

“You’re growing so big,” says my dad to me,
 “Soon be a man, I suppose,
 Too big to climb up on your old dad’s knee
 And toast your ten little toes.”

Then his voice it gets the funniest shake,
 And oh, but he hugs me tight !
 I say, when I can’t keep my eyes awake,
 “Let me sleep with you to-night.”

I tickle him under the chin—just so—
 And I say, “Please can’t I, dad ?”
 Then I kiss his mouth so he can’t say no,
 To his own little black-eyed lad.

*O RADIANT STREAM**From Heart Songs, 1898*

River St. Lawrence, tranquil and fair,
Soft in the sunlight, blue as the sky,
Crowned with a beauty, tender and rare,
And kissed by the breeze that goes hurrying by.
Warm dost thou look, and fair as a dream, 5
Speeding so merrily out to the sea,
So strong and so gentle—O radiant stream,
The smile of the summer is resting on thee !

River St. Lawrence, tranquil and fair,
Winding thy way for a thousand long miles 10
Past meadow and homestead, past rocks grim and bare,
With a song for the shore, a kiss for the isles
Lovingly cradled on thy broad breast—
Isles without number, and fair as can be,
O sweet, shining river—bonniest, best— 15
The smile of the summer is resting on thee !

River St. Lawrence, tranquil and fair,
Lightly bearing the great ships along—
Boats with their white sails spread out in the air—
The broad rafts of timber, so clumsy and strong— 20
The slender canoe, as swift as a bird,
The Indian builds with bark from a tree—
Thou bearest them all, unwearied, unstirred—
The smile of the summer is resting on thee !

River St. Lawrence, tranquil and fair, 25
Pure are thy waters that bask in the light ;

Thy ripples of laughter ring sweet on the air—
 The rocks bend to listen by day and by night.
 The turbulent streams rushing down from the hills
 To mingle and race with thee out to the sea, 30
 Steal not from thy azure—O, beauty that thrills,
 The smile of the summer is resting on thee !

River St. Lawrence, tranquil and fair,
 Onward thou speedest, so deep and so wide ;
 The sunbeams that lurk on thy bosom, see there 35
 A tremulous tumult of love, and of pride—
 Of love and of pride for the place of thy birth—
 Thy far-away mother—the fresh-water sea—
 From whence thou didst spring forth to gladden
 God's earth—
 The smile of the summer is resting on thee ! 40

River St. Lawrence, tranquil and fair,
 Soft in the sunlight, blue as the sky,
 Crowned with a beauty tender and rare,
 And kissed by each breeze that goes hurrying by ;
 Warm dost thou look, and fair as a dream, 45
 Speeding so merrily out to the sea,
 So mighty, so gentle—O, radiant stream,
 The smile of the summer is resting on thee !

JEAN BLEWETT.

MY CANADA

From *Heart Songs*, 1898

My Canada !
 I would that I, thy child, might frame

A song half worthy of thy name.

Proudly I say—

This is our country, strong, and broad and grand,⁵
This is our Canada, our native land !

My Canada !

'Tis meet that all the world should know
How far thy sweeping rivers flow,
How fair to-day
Thy bonny lakes upon thy bosom lie,
Their faces laughing upward to the sky.

10

My Canada !

We look alway with love and pride
Upon thy forests deep and wide,
And gladly say :
‘These giant fellows, mighty grown with age,
Are part and parcel of our heritage.’

15

My Canada !

So rich in glow and bracing air,
With meadows stretching everywhere,
With gardens gay,
With smiling orchards, sending forth to greet
Full breaths of perfume from their burdens sweet.

20

My Canada !

Thou art not old, thou art not skilled,
But through the age youth hath thrilled ;
'Tis dawn with thee,
Thou hast a glorious promise, and thy powers
Are measured only by the golden hours.

25

30

My Canada !

What thou art now we know full well,
 What thou wilt grow to be, ah ! who can tell ?
 We see to-day
 Thy lithe form running swiftly in the race, 35
 For all the things which older lands do grace.

My Canada !

With loyal sons to take thy part,
 To hold thee shrined within the heart,
 Proudly we say, 40
 "This is our country, strong, and broad, and
 grand,
 God guard thee Canada, our native land !"

JEAN BLEWETT.

AT QUEBEC

From *Heart Songs*, 1898

Quebec, the grey old city on the hill,
 Lies with a golden glory on her head,
 Dreaming throughout this hour so fair—so still—
 Of other days and all her mighty dead.
 The white doves perch upon the cannon grim, 5
 The flowers bloom where once did run a tide
 Of crimson, when the moon rose pale and dim
 Above the battlefield so grim and wide.
 Methinks within her wakes a mighty glow
 Of pride, of tenderness—her stirring past— 10
 The strife, the valour, of the long ago
 Feels at her heartstrings. Strong, and tall, and vast,
 She lies, touched with the sunset's golden grace,
 A wondrous softness on her grey old face.

JEAN BLEWETT.

THE OPAL FIRES ARE GONE

From *At Minas Basin*, 1897

The opal fires are gone, and but a stain
Of day yet lingers as the sudden night
With swift cloud blots the crouching hills from sight,
And the far sea moans deep in ominous pain.
Ah me, it is the swart-winged hurricane ! 5
The furious tide in elemental fight
Is lashing fierce and hoar with giant might,—
The bleeding shores the tale shall tell the main !

Brave sailor, reeling in thy storm-drunk bark,
Blinded by sheeted rain blown tempest-wild, 10
And vexed with roaring darkness round about!
The heaven-sent visions fair of wife and child
Calm seated at love's hearth, with face ahark,
Makes thee divine amid the awful rout.

THEODORE HARDING RAND.

MAY'S FAIRY TALE

From *At Minas Basin*, 1897

Under the yellow chestnut tree
The children played right merrily.

From leafy gold came patterning down
The prickly burs with nuts of brown.

“I do believe,” said bright-eyed May, 5
“We’re pelted by some startled fay !

For fairies love no tree so well
As chestnut broad in which to dwell."

"Tell us a fairy tale," they said,
"A fairy tale," they eager pled,

10

"About the fairies of to-day!"
And circled round the wise-eyed May.

With air of one who tells new truth,
The gentle May, with touch of ruth,

This tale of Elfland sweetly told,
While all stood deep in autumn's gold :

15

"Long, long ago the fairies found
Their homes in flowers on the ground.

The buttercups were full of them,
And pansies sparkled like a gem.

20

But fields by men were often mown,
The flowers were plucked as soon as grown.

Thus without tents to shed cold dews,
The pixies lost their brilliant hues.

Their kirtles green and mantles gold
Were crushed and torn and smeared with mould.

25

(You should have seen Mab's ermine cape,
Draggled in muck till black as crape !)

At last, his gossamer hammocks gone,
Their daylight king, bright Oberon, 30

(Who could not find two crimson heads
Of clover strung with spider webs)

And Mab, the moonlight queen of elves
Took solemn counsel with themselves.

'Twas in the early summer days 35
They met at twilight all the fays,

Under a grove with fronded plumes,
Whose trees were white with spikes of blooms.

With elfin lance of wild-bee sting
Stood Oberon, at the outer ring. 40

His knights each wore upon his breast
A firefly lamp in beetle's vest.

With glow-worm crown of greenish light,
Sitting her fairy palfrey white,

The queen, by wave of saffron brand, 45
Hushed into silence fairyland.

Then with her sandaled foot she pricked
Her wasp-sting spur (and palfrey kicked !)—

Her moonbeam bridle firm in grip,
She plied the silken milkweed whip, 50

And rode straight up the waiting tree,
And out each branch its blooms to see.

When Mab (her own and palfrey's wings
Of gauzy blue outspread) the rings

Of wistful pixies leapt into,
Sitting erect her horse so true,

55

In silvery laughter broke each fay,
Like silvery tinkling brook in May.

Waving her saffron brand, she said :
' Fairies ! your future home and bed ! '

60

And pointed up the flower-lit tree,—
Thither they swarmed as swarms the bee !

In turn each bole and fronded roof
Was trod by Elf-queen palfrey's hoof,

Till fays who bore the flame-wood lamp, 65
Swung in their peaceful airy camp.

That was a chestnut grove they found !
And as the sunny spring comes round,

Queen Mab, when shines the silver moon,
And elfin bugles blow in tune, 70

Still rides high up each chestnut tree,
That fays may know where safe they'll be,

And golden-belted Oberon
Swings in his hammock like a Don,—

For palfrey prints his tiny shoe
On every branch that's wet with dew. 75

My story's told, now for our play !"
"And is the story true, O May ?"

With air of one who knows the truth,
The sweet-eyed May, tall for her youth, 80

The overhanging branch down drew,
And shewed the prints of palfrey's shoe—

And laughing said : "Now you all see
Why it is called *Horse-Chestnut* tree."

THEODORE HARDING RAND.

THE ELM

From *Song Waves*, 1900

Who loveth not the elm tree fair,
A fountain green in summer air,
Whose tremulous spray cools the faint meadow,
And croons to all of a careless care ?

It shades the city's pavèn way, 5
Where red-breast knows the white moon's ray ;
It sentinel the moss-grown homestead,
And waits the men of a coming day.

Its curving lines that fill the sight,
Like mellow meteor's path of light,
Or orbéd spring of walls of azure,
My spirit greet from the infinite.

THEODORE HARDING RAND.

10

THE WATER LILY

From *Song Waves*, 1900

Pure lily, open on the breast
Of toiling waters' much unrest,
Thy simple soul mounts up in worship
Like ecstacy of a spirit blest !

Thy wealth of ivory and gold,
All that thou hast, thou dost unfold !

Fixed in the unseen thy life breathes upward
A heavenly essence from out earth's mould.

Now comes the chill and dusk of night,—
Folds up thy precious gold and white !

10

Thy casket sinks within veiled bosom,
To ope the richer in morrow's light.

THEODORE HARDING RAND.

THE WHITETHROAT

From *Song Waves*, 1900

Shy bird of the silver arrows of song,
That cleave our Northern air so clear,

Thy notes prolong, prolong,
I listen, I hear :
"I—love—dear—Canada,
Canada, Canada,"

5

O plumes of the pointed dusky fir,
Screen of a swelling patriot heart,
The copse is all astir,
And echoes thy part !
Now willowy reeds tune their silver flutes
As the noise of the day dies down;
And silence strings her lutes,
The Whitethroat to crown.

10

O bird of the silver arrows of song,
Shy poet of Canada dear,
Thy notes prolong, prolong,
We listen, we hear :
"I—love—dear—Canada,
Canada, Canada."

15

20

THEODORE HARDING RAND.

THE HABITANT

From *The Habitant*, 1897

De place I get born, me, is up on de reever
Near foot of de rapide dat's call Cheval Blanc
Beeg mountain behin' it, so high you can't climb it
An' whole place she's mebbe two honder arpent.

De fader of me, he was habitant farmer,
Ma gran' fader too, an' hees fader also,

5

Dey don't mak' no monee, but dat isn't fonny
 For it's not easy get ev'ryt'ing, you mus' know—

All de sam' dere is somet'ing dey got ev'ry boddy,
 Dat's plaintee good healt', wat de monee can't
 geev, 10

So I'm workin' away dere, an' happy for stay dere
 On farm by de reever, so long I was leev.

Oh ! dat was de place w'en de spring tam she's comin',
 W'en snow go away, an' de sky is all blue—
 W'en ice lef' de water, an sun is get hotter 15
 An back on de medder is sing de gou-gloou—

W'en small sheep is firs' comin' out on de pasture,
 Deir nice leetle tail stickin' up on deir back,
 Dey ronne wit' deir moder, an' play wit' each oder
 An' jomp all de tam jus' de sam' dey was crack— 20

An' ole cow also, she's glad winter is over,
 So she kick herse'f up, an' start off on de race
 Wit' de two-year-ole heifer, dat's purty soon lef' her,
 W'y ev'ryt'ing's crazee all over de place!

An' down on de reever de wil' duck is quackin' 25
 Along by de shore leetle san' piper ronne—
 De bullfrog he's gr-rompin' an' doré is jompin'
 Dey all got deir own way for mak' it de fonne.

But spring's in beeg hurry, and don't stay long wit' us
 An' firs' t'ing we know, she go off till nex' year, 30
 Den bee commence hummin', for summer is comin'
 An' purty soon corn's gettin' ripe on de ear.

Dat's very nice tam for wake up on de mornin'
 An' lissen de rossignol sing ev'ry place,
 Feel sout' win' a-blowin', see clover a-growin' 35
 An' all de worl' laughin' itself on de face.

Mos' ev'ry day raf' it is pass on de rapide
 De voyageur singin' some ole chanson
 'Bout girl down de reever—too bad dey mus' leave her,
 But comin' back soon wit' beaucoup d' argent. 40

An' den w'en de fall an de winter come roun us
 An' bird of de summer is all fly away,
 W'en mebbe she's snowin', an' nort' win' is blowin'
 An' night is mos' t'ree tam so long as de day.

You t'ink it was bodder de habitant farmer ? 45
 Not at all—he is happy an' feel satisfy,
 An' cole may las' good w'ile, so long as de wood pile
 Is ready for burn on de stove by an' bye.

W'en I got plaintee hay put away on de stable
 So de sheep an' de cow, dey got no chance to freeze 50
 An' de hen all togedder—I don't min' de wedder—
 De nort' win' may blow jus' so moche as she please.

An' some cole winter night how I wish you can see us,
 W'en I smoke on de pipe, an' de ole woman sew
 By de stove of Tree Reever—ma wife's fader geeve
 her 55
 On day we get marry, dat's long tam ago—

De boy an' de girl, dey was readin' it's lesson,
 De cat on de corner she's bite heem de pup,

Ole "Carleau," he's snorin' an' beeg stove is roarin'
So loud dat I'm scare purty soon she bus' up. 60

Philomene—dat's de oldes'—is sit on de winder
An' kip jus' so quiet lak wan leetle mouse,
She say de more finer moon never was shiner—
Very fonny, for moon isn't dat side de house.

But purty soon den, we hear foot on de outside, 65
An' some wan is place it hees han' on de latch,
Dat's Isidore Goulay, las' fall on de Brûlé
He's tak' it firs' prize on de grand ploughin' match.

Ha ! ha ! Philomene!—dat was smart trick you play us
Come help de young feller tak' snow from hees
neck, 70
Dere's not'ing for hinder you come off de winder
W'en moon you was look for is come, I expec'—

Isidore, he is tole us de news on de parish
'Bout hees Lajeunesse Colt—travel two forty, sure,
'Bout Jeremie Choquette, come back from Woon-
socket, 75
An' t'ree new leetle twin on Madam Vaillancour'!

But nine o'clock strike, an' de chil'ren is sleepy,
Mese'f an' ole woman can't stay up no more
So alone by de fire—'cos dey say dey ain't tire—
We lef' Philomene an' de young Isidore. 80

I s'pose dey be talkin' beeg lot on de kitchen
'Bout all de nice moon dey was see on de sky,
For Philomene 's takin' long tam get awaken
Nex' day, she 's so sleepy on bote of de eye.

Dat 's wan of dem ting's, ev'ry tam on de fashion, 85
An' 'bout nices' t'ing dat was never be seen.
Got not'ing for say me—I spark it sam' way me
W'en I go see de moder ma girl Philomene.

We leev very quiet 'way back on de contree
Don't put on sam' style lak' de big village, 90
W'en we don't get de monee you t'ink dat is fonny
An' mak' plaintee sport on de Bottes Sauvages.

But I tole you—dat's true—I don't go on de city
If you geev de fine house an' beaucoup d'argent—
I rader be stay me, an' spen' de las' day me 95
On de farm by de rapide dat's call Cheval Blanc.

DR. WILLIAM HENRY DRUMMOND.

THE WRECK OF THE "JULIE PLANTE"

A LEGEND OF LAC-ST. PIERRE

From *The Habitant*, 1897

On wan dark night on Lac St. Pierre,
De win' she blow, blow, blow,
An' de crew of de wood scow "Julie Plante"
Got scar't an' run below—
For de win' she blow lak hurricane 5
Bimeby she blow some more,
An' de scow bus' up on Lac St. Pierre
Wan arpent from de shore.

De captinne walk on de fronte deck,
An' walk de hin' deck too— 10

He call de crew from up de hole
 He call de cook also.
 De cook she's name was Rosie,
 She come from Montreal
 Was chambre maid on lumber barge,
 On de Grande Lachine Canal.

De win' she blow from nor'-eas'-wes',—
 De sout' win' she blow too,
 W'en Rosie cry "Mon cher captinne,
 Mon cher, w'at I shall do ?"
 Den de Captinne t'row de big ankerre,
 But still the scow she dreef,
 De crew he can't pass on de shore,
 Becos' he los' hees skeef.

De night was dark lak' wan black cat,
 De wave run high an' fas',
 W'en de captinne tak' de Rosie girl
 An' tie her to de mas'.
 Den he also tak' de life preserve,
 An' jump off on de lak',
 An' say, "Good-bye, ma Rosie dear,
 I go drown for your sak'."

Nex' morning very early
 'Bout ha'f-pas' two-t'ree-four—
 De captinne—scow—an' de poor Rosie
 Was corpses on de shore,
 For de win' she blow lak' hurricane
 Bimeby she blow some more,
 An' de scow bus' up on Lac St. Pierre,
 Wan arpant from de shore.

15

20

25

30

35

40

MORAL

Now all good wood scow sailor man
 Tak' warning by dat storm
 An' go an' marry some nice French girl
 An' leev on wan beeg farm.
 De win' can blow lak hurricane
 An' s'pose she blow some more,
 You can't get drown on Lac St. Pierre
 So long you stay on shore.

45

DR. WILLIAM HENRY DRUMMOND

JOHNNIE COURTEAU

From *Johnnie Courteau*, 1901

Johnnie Courteau of de mountain
 Johnnie Courteau of de hill
 Dat was de boy can shoot de gun
 Dat was de boy can jomp an' run
 An' it's not very offen you ketch heem still
 Johnnie Courteau !

5

Ax dem along de reever
 Ax dem along de shore
 Who was mos' bes' fightin' man
 From Managance to Shaw-in-i-gan ?
 De place w'ere de great beeg rapide roar
 Johnnie Courteau !

10

Sam' t'ing on ev'ry shaintee
 Up on de Mekinac
 Who was de man can walk de log,
 W'en w'ole of de reever she's black wit' fog

15

An' carry de beeges' load on hees back ?
 Johnnie Courteau !

On de rapide you want to see heem
 If de raf' she's swingin' roun 20
 An' he's yellin' "Hooraw Bateeese ! good man !"
 W'y de oar come double on hees han'
 W'en he's makin' dat raf' go flyin' down
 Johnnie Courteau !

An' Tête de Boule chief can tole you 25
 De feller w'at save hees life
 W'en beeg moose ketch heem up a tree
 Who's shootin' dat moose on de head, sapree !
 An' den run off wit' hees Injun wife ?
 Johnnie Courteau ! 30

An' he only have pike pole wit' heem
 On Lac a la Tortue
 W'en he meet de bear comin' down de hill
 But de bear very soon is get hees fill !
 An' he sole dat skin for ten dollar too, 35
 Johnnie Courteau !

Oh he never was scare for not'ing
 Lak de ole courreurs de bois
 But w'en he's gettin' hees winter pay
 De bes' t'ing sure is kip out de way
 For he's goin' right off on de Hip Hooraw ! 40
 Johnnie Courteau !

Den pullin' hees sash aroun' heem
 He dance on hees botte sauvage

An' shout "All aboar' if you want to fight !" 45

Wall ! you never can see de finer sight

W'en he go lak dat on de w'ole village !

Johnnie Courteau !

But Johnnie Courteau get marry

On Philomene Beaurepaire

50

She's nice leetle girl was run de school

On w'at you call Parish of Sainte Ursule

An' he see her off on de pique-nique dere

Johnnie Courteau !

Deh somet 'ing come over Johnnie

55

W'en he marry on Philomene

For he stay on de farm de w'ole year roun'

He chop de wood an' he plough de groun'

An' he's quieter feller was never seen,

Johnnie Courteau ! 60

An' ev'ry wan feel astonish

From La Tuque to Shaw-in-i-gan

W'en dey hear de news was goin' aroun'

Along on de reever up an' down

How wan leetle woman boss dat beeg man

65

Johnnie Courteau !

He never come out on de evening

No matter de hard we try

'Cos he stay on de kitchen an' sing hees song

"A la claire fontaine,

70

M'en allant promener

J'ai trouvé l'eau si bell

Que je m'y suis baigner !

Lui y'a longtemps que je t'aime
 Jamais je ne t'oublierai."

75

Rockin' de cradle de w'ole night long
 Till baby's asleep on de sweet bimeby

Johnnie Courteau !

An' de house, wall ! I wish you see it
 De place she's so nice an' clean
 Mus' wipe your foot on de outside door,
 You're dead man sure if you spit on de floor,
 An' he never say not'ing on Philomene,
 Johnnie Courteau !

80

An' Philomene watch de monee
 An' put it all safe away
 On very good place; I dunno w'ere
 But anyhow nobody see it dere
 So she's buyin' new farm de noder day
 MADAME Courteau !

85

DR. WILLIAM HENRY DRUMMOND.

90

LITTLE BATEESE

From *Johnnie Courteau*, 1901

You bad leetle boy, not moche you care
 How busy you're kipin' your poor gran' pere
 Tryin' to stop you ev'ry day
 Chasin' de hen aroun' de hay—
 W'y don't you geev' dem a chance to lay ?
 Leetle Batee !

5

Off on de fiel' you foller de plough
 Den w'en you're tire you scare de cow
 Sickin' de dog till dey jomp de wall
 So de milk ain't good for not'ing at all— 10
 An' you're only five an' a half dis fall,
 Leetle Bateese !

Too sleepy for sayin' de prayer to night ?
 Never min' I s'pose it'll be all right
 Say dem to-morrow—ah ! dere he go ! 15
 Fas' asleep in a minute or so—
 An' he'll stay lak dat till de rooster crow,
 Leetle Bateese !

Den wake us up right away toute suite
 Lookin' for somet'ing more to eat, 20
 Makin' me t'ink of dem long leg crane
 Soon as dey swaller, dey start again,
 I wonder your stomach don't get no pain,
 Leetle Bateese !

But see heem now lyin' dere in bed,
 Look at de arm onderneat' hees head;
 If he grow like dat till he's twenty year
 I bet he'll be stronger dan Louis Cyr
 An' beat all de voyageurs leevin' here,
 Leetle Bateese ! 30

Jus' feel de muscle along hees back,
 Won't geev' heem moche bodder for carry pack
 On de long portage, any size canoe,
 Dere's not many t'ing dat boy won't do
 For he's got double-joint on hees body too, 35
 Leetle Bateese !

But leetle Bateese ! please don't forget
We rader you're stayin' de small boy yet,
So chase de chicken an' mak' dem scare
An' do w'at you lak wit' your ole gran' pere⁴⁰
For w'en you're beeg feller he won't be dere—

Leetle Bateese !

DR. WILLIAM HENRY DRUMMOND.

